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JURY ACQUITS WOMAN WHO KILLED ASSAILANT

Sophia Voziniak and Husband Declared Not Guilty.

PLEA OF SELF DEFENSE

Woman Claimed She Shot to Frighten Men who were Stoning House at Staub Hill—Jury out Short Time before Rendering Verdict.

Mrs. Sophia Voziniak and her husband, Frank Voziniak, were last Friday acquitted by a jury of the charge of murdering Nefro Slavish, at Staub Hill, near Clarence, on October 10th, last. The jury was ont but a short time. It was claimed for Mrs. Voziniak, who fired the fatal shot, that she had killed Slavish in self-defense.

The case was called for trial on Thursday morning. N. B. Spangler and W. G. Runkle were counsel for the defendants. The defendants were accompanied by their two small children, aged not over three years and one year. Ten of the jurors were selected out of the panel when the same was exhausted, and the two remaining jurors were selected after calling ten talisman. The jury as selected was as follows:

David Rimmey, laborer, Spring.
Jno. W. Reifsnyder, miller, Harris.
L. R. Lingle, farmer, Potter.
M. S. Vonada, laborer, Penn.
J. B. Ralston, laborer, State College.
John Miller, butcher, Philipsburg.
Johnson Warner, farmer, Union.
W. E. Boob, farmer, Haines.
Harry Bower, farmer, Haines.
J. C. Peters, farmer, Halfmoon.
Wm. Garman, clerk, Talisman, Bellefonte.
George Morrison, retired, Unionville Boro.

The first witness called was William H. Thompson, Justice of the Peace of Snow Shoe Borough, who testified that he was notified by the constable that there had been a shooting at Staub Hill and that a man had been killed and that he was asked to bring the Squire and undertaker and others to take charge. That when the parties got to Staub Hill to the house of the defendants they found a number of people there and a man lying dead to the side of the house, and that he was informed his name was Slavish, that he had a bullet hole on the right side of his neck, and that the ball had cut the juglar vein, that there was considerable excitment there and that the constable and policeman asked who had committed the crime and were informed that the man was in the house, that he went into the house with the officer who arrested Frank Voziniak and when they did so his wife spoke up and said that she did the shooting and produced the gun she had shot him with, stating that the men had been stoning her house and the house had the appearance of a stoning. Three windows were broken and that there were stones in the house, and that she had shot in defense of her children, but had no intention of ...shot to scare. That ...ther Mrs. Voziniak ...citizen, but at this ...admitted that Mrs. ...erican born.

...was Timko Kipolish ...was home on October ...e shooting, that the ...defendands lived was ...se, the one side being ...Voziniaks, the middle ...name of Gula, and the ...an by the name Para, ...lies kept boarders and ...ad been in Voziniak's ...e or four o'clock, that ...taken place between ...ine o'clock, could not ...hat he was upstairs in ...se at the time of the ...s informed that a man ...nd that he had heard ...her husband "Frank, ...hoot," but do not know ...t Nefro Slavish was a ...s that he saw no drink. ...Charles Slavish strike ...fternoon, and that two ...hting in Sophia's house ...them out, and that he ...wing between Charles ...Voziniak in the after- ...had put them out. ...h had a half-gallon of ...he had seen him give ...k, and when they went ...stones flying but didn't ...them. That the wit- ...o go out of the house, ...hooting. That the next ...he shooting he saw stones ...orch and that the window ...were b...en and the house marked.

Dr. Harris was then called and testified that he was notified of the shooting by the constable and requested to go along to Staub Hill, and that he found the man lying dead probably where he had fallen, and that the dead man was Nefro Slavish, that he was lying on his back, shot through the neck severing the jugular vein, and considerable blood, and that the man must have died quickly after the shooting. That he saw Mrs. Voziniak the same evening and she told him that she did the shooting. Some four or five foreign witnesses were called at this point whose testimony was much like that of Kipolish.

Wasal Dijik testified that he had been at Gula's house, had been drinking some beer and whiskey and was pretty drunk and was airaid to go outside of the house.

Emanuel Burns, constable, was next called and testified that he was notified about half past nine on the evening of October 31st of the shooting at Staub Hill; that he got the policeman, the doctor, undertaker and the Squire to go along with him, and that when he got there he inquired who did the shooting from the people who stood around there; that he arrested Voziniak, but his wife stepped up and said, "Don't arrest him, arrest me, I did the shooting," but that he took Voziniak and two other men to Snow Shoe with him and arrested Mrs. Voziniak the next morning. She told me that she had been trained to handle a gun and gave me a gun that she said she did the shooting with and told me about these men wanting to fight her husband and assaulting her and saw the marks on the weather-boarding, the broken windows, and saw stones in the house and on the table about the size of a fist.

Joseph Wade, the next witness, a police officer at Snow Shoe, who testified much the same as the constable, and in addition that the house looked as though there had been a whole lot of stoning and that he saw probably twelve of fourteen stones in the house.

The Comm. rested at four twenty Thursday afternoon and the defense at once proceeded with their case by calling Sophia Voziniak, who testified that she lived at Staub Hill, was born at Jersey City in 1890, and had lived at Staub Hill, for about eight months.her father is dead, mother living, that she was the mother of two children, a girl and a boy. That on Sunday October 31st they had late breakfast, after which her husband went to invite the witness' god-father to come and have dinner with them, and that she had prepared a dinner for her god-father and wife and had two small kegs of beer, but that her husband returned without these parties and that they then invited John and Steve Drabish to dinner, and that they brought their violins with them; that they were enjoying themselves after dinner having dancing, and that George Slavish came into the house and commenced picking a fight by calling George Dijik vile names, and Charles Slavish commenced to throw stones at her husband, and when she interfered he threw a stone at her and caught her by dress and threw her down tearing the same, that she then struck him over the head with a broom stick and he still called her vile names. That this occurred between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. That about eight o'clock in the evening the men began to stone her house, and that she had ordered them away, but that the stones commenced to come through the windows and that she had told her husband to take the gun and shoot towards the tipple with the intention of scaring them away but that it had no effect. That he returned to the house and that she put on her coat to go to Clarence for help but was struck by a stone and returned to the house; that the windows were broken, the lamp chimney knocked off the lamp and broken, and a stone in the crade where the little child had lain before one of the boarders picked it up and ran up stairs with it. That she took the gun, went out and shot with the intention of scaring these men away, and that she had no intention of hitting any one, but that when she fired the last shot the deceased stepped around the corner of the house in the line of the shot; that she became alarmed and returned to the house, and further that the only thing she wanted to do was to protect her children; that she had tried to prevent the fighting in the afternoon when these men came into the house, that they had pulled the spigots in the beer keg and had the beer running all over the floor and poured water over it, and that she put them out, and that after she put them out Charles Slavish had made an indecent proposal to her and caught her by the dress and tore it. At this point pictures were produced showing the condition of the house. Joseph Nockokonifke testified that he saw Charles Slavish have stones in his hands and that he saw him throw stones as big as a fist at her, that

(continued on page 4)

STATE GRANGE MEETS AT COLLEGE DEC. 21-24

Interesting Program Arranged for Annual Session.

EXPECT 1500 VISITORS

Address by John A. McSparran, State Grange Master—Dr. Sparks to Welcome Visiting Delegates and Friends—Meet in Auditorium.

Every local arrangement has been completed for the meeting of the State Grange, at State College, December 21—24.

The Woman's Building and College Dormitory, will be used for headquarters for the officers and committees of the State Grange. Only a limited number of rooms are available in the Woman's Building, and it has been arranged to use a college dormitory, which is nearby for rooming purposes, with boarding in the Woman's Building, which has a large dining room and will amply accommodate the officers and committees

Delegates and members who expect to attend the State Grange should make application to the local committee immediately for rooms and board, so that they may receive location cards before they leave home, which will enable them to go direct to their rooms from the station.

Delegates and visiting members should report at the Armory immediately upon arrival and register their names.

Guides and automobiles will be at the stations to assist everybody to find their rooms.

PROGRAM

TUESDAY, DEC. 21.

10:00 A. M.—Assembling of the State Grange in the new Auditorium.

11:00 A. M.—Annual address of Worthy Master John A. McSparran. Doors open to all.

2:00 P. M.—Business session, appointing of committees and receiving reports af State officers.

Evening—7:30, Public meeting.

Music.

Address of welcome in behalf of the College, Dr. E. E. Sparks.

Response, John A. McSparran, Master of State Grange.

Music.

Address of welcome in behalf of the School of Agriculture, Dean R. L. Watts.

Response, Dr. Hannah McK. Lyons.

Address of welcome in behalf of the town by Burgess R. R. Holmes.

Response, Rev. H. G. Teagarden, Chaplain.

Music.

Address of welcome in behalf of Centre County Pomona Grange, C. R. Neff.

Response. E. B. Dorsett.

Music.

10:00 P. M. to 12:00 P. M.—Reception in Armory.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22.

Morning—Business session.

Afternoon—Conferring of fifth degree by Centre County Pomona Grange, viewing College buildings, and Experimental Farm.

Evening—8:00 P. M.—Conferring of sixth degree, exemplifying first, second, third, fourth and fifth degrees.

THURSDAY, DEC. 23.

Morning—Business session. Receiving reports of committees.

Afternoon Business session. Address by visiting patrons.

Evening—Closing session of the State Grange.

All sessions will be held in the new auditorium.

Hon. C. M. Gardner, of Massachusetts, High Priest of the Assembly of Demeter, Seventh Degree of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, will be in attendance during this session of the State Grange. Mr. Gardner is the custodion of the esoteric work of the National Grange and will exemplify the unwritten work.

All 4th Degree members can attend these meetings and receive the Degrees of Pomona and Flora. The Degree of Pomona will be conferred in the hall of the Horticultural Building on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., and on that evening at 8 p. m The Degree of Flora will be conferred in the Auditorium. These degrees will be higly interesting and impressive.

At the close of the afternoon meeting on Wednesday, about 3:00 o'clock, all delegates and visitors will be shown over the college grounds by guides and given the opportunity to inspect the buildings and equipments.

Over 1000 persons, who expect to be in attendance, have registered. The attendance will likely exceed 1500 persons, as these annual meetings are of great interest to the members of the Order.

19 HUNTERS REQUIRED TO PAY $10 FINE, EACH

Bellefonte, Milesburg and Philipsburg Men in Party.

DOES FOUND IN CAMPS

Scranton Man Fined When Found Hunting on State Game Preserve—Mysterious Disappearance of Dead Doe Near Potters Mills.

Nineteen hunters from Bellefonte, Milesburg and Philipsburg have been summoned to appear tomorrow and pay about $10 each, for violation of the hunting laws. The hunters are charged with having in their possession while in camp the meat of two does. They were accused one day last week after wardens had visited their camps and found there the deer meat all nicely carved. The hunters, were unable to produce the deer heads to prove that bucks and not does had been killed, whereupon the wardens announced that the jig was up.

The hunters were permitted to continue with their camps and most of them did not return home until Saturday night. Their camps were located beyond Orvis-ton, a section not thickly populated with bucks this season, so it is said. Just how the does found their way into the hunting camps is a point regarding which versions differ. The hunters, it is said, deny having killed the does but claim they were found in the mountains. Unfortunately for them, however, having the deer meat in their camps made them liable to a fine.

Another development last week was that of a hunter from Scranton, who was brought to Bellefonte charged with having hunted on a State preserve in the lower section of Penns Valley. The hunter admitted having been within the bounds of the preserve but denied having killed any game. He spent the night here with Sheriff Lee and the following morning concluded that the quickest way out of his troubles was to pay over a fine of $100. Reluctantly he paid over this amount and was given his liberty.

From Potters Mills comes information of the killing of a doe in that section which will likely lead to an arrest in the near future. A party of hunters came across a doe which had been killed but a short time previously. The throat of the doe had but cut and the animal laid out to facilitate bleeding. In the group of hunters happened to be a game warden and at his direction the doe was dressed and hung up, the warden planning to return the following morning and ship it to the Bellefonte hospital. It so happened that the man who had shot the doe was hiding in the brush when the group of hunters came across the animal, and after they had departed he cut down the doe and took it away with him. The warden returned to the scene the following morning but the deer was not to be found. The identity of the man who shot it has been pretty well established and he is likely to be apprehended any day.

The Foster crowd from State College returned yesterday from the Seven Mountains. There were ten in the party. They landed three bears, a catamount and two 4-prong bucks. Three hunting parties in the Bear Meadows reported no game killed.

Clean Camp and No Booze.

Jury Commissioner John D. Decker is justly proud of the record scored during the recent hunting season by the Decker Valley Club. Mr. Decker reports that the club landed three fine bucks, the number including one three-prong and one with four prongs. Mr. Decker is willing to certify to the above because he helped to hang up the three beauties in camp. He also reports "a clean camp; no booze." The club was organized by Logan M. Decker and Seward H. Decker. Others in the club at camp this year were James A. Decker, Wilbur Decker, Harry Decker, R. E. Pearson, Irvin Stuart, Rev. Mr. Beck, Calvin Myers and John D. Decker. The camp was located nearby the John D. Decker home.

Fire at Port Matilda.

The residence of Professor John A Williams, at Port Matilda, was destroyed by fire last Saturday night. The family was absent from home when the blaze was discovered. Every effort possible was put forth to extinguish the flames, but they gained such headway that the handsome home soon was doomed. It is supposed that the fire resulted from a defective flue. The loss is fairly well covered by insurance.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

AUTO FALLS 40 FEET

Three Persons Injured in Sunday Morning Accident Near Tyrone.

Three men were injured and narrowly escaped death last Sunday morning when the motor car of Clair G. Thompson, of Tyrone, plunged over a forty-foot embankment into the Juniata river, on the highway between Pemberton and Union Furnace.

The injured are Clair G. Thompson, aged 29, of 941 Washington avenue, Tyrone, in Altoona hospital nose broken, scalp lacerated, abrasions of the face and body, not serious, John A. Thompson, aged 49, of 1347 Washington avenue, Tyrone, father of the car owner, left arm fractured at wrist, lacerations of the face and head, treated at Altoona hospital, John E. Stewart, Tyrone, lacerations and abrasions of body, treated at Tyrone.

That the trio were not killed seems nothing short of miraculous to motorists who visited the scene of the accident. Thompson's car was badly wrecked and will likely have to be rebuilt. Stewart, the least hurt, was caught in the wreckage, while the others were thrown free and hurled into the river.

Accompanied by his father and Stewart the younger Thompson, who is a well known butcher, was motoring to Shaver's Creek, to spend the day with friends. Near Union Furnace the car struck stones projecting above the surface of the road for considerable distance. Although the machine was running only twenty miles an hour, the impact with the stones broke the steering-gear, caused the car to collide with a telephone pole from which it rebounded and plunged over the embankment, rolling over and over.

Striking the river, the car was left lying sidewise Stewart extricated himself from the twisted body of steel. He discovered the elder Thompson nearby and helped him to shore. Returning Stewart found Clair Thompson's unconscious form lying face downward in the bottom of the river. He was revived after being pulled out and the trio walked back to Pemberton. Stewart was compelled to half-carry and support young Thompson who was apparently badly hurt.

Arriving at the Carper home, the injured men were given first aid by Dr. R. L. Piper, of Tyrone, who was summoned. Later they were taken to Tyrone. Thompson and his father were sent to the Altoona hospital. It was feared the younger man was hurt internally. Both underwent X-ray examinations at the institution and no serious injuries were found.

G. A. R. Officers Elected.

At the annual meeting of Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., held last Saturday night, officers for the coming year were elected, as follows: W. H. Taylor, commander; Monroe Armor, senior vice commander; Thomas Donachy, junior vice commander; Herman J. Miller, chaplain; W. T. Fitzgerald, instructor; Amos Garbrick, officer of the day; Joseph Alters, officer of the guard; D. F. Fortney, patriotic instructor; Emanuel Noll, representative to encampment. Owing to the fact that the date for the next regular meeting falls on Christmas day Gergg Post will not meet until January 8th, at which time the newly elected officers will be installed.

Opera House News.

Monday, December 27th, and all that week and New Year's Day matinee at 2.30, (except Wednesday, December 29th, when The Some Baby Co. have the stage) the Edna Clymer Stock Co. will hold forth. Prices 10, 20 & 30c.

Wednesday, December 29th, The Some Baby Co. is billed for an excellent show.

Wednesday, January 5th, "September Morn" in all its glory.

Friday, January 7th, "Peck's Bad Boy"—a musical comedy.

Saturday, January 8th, matinee and evening. Howe's motion pictures in a "Trip Through the Panama Canal", the "Pacific Exposition" and the other big features. Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Mrs. Frederick Muthler Dead.

Mrs. Susan E. Earon Muthler, wife of Frederick Muthler, of near Beech Creek, died early Tuesday morning, aged 59 years, 5 months and 3 days. Her death was due to heart failure. Surviving are her husband and these children: Charles W., of Jersey Shore; Mrs Earl Geyer, of Pittsburgh; Adam B., of near Lock Haven; Joseph N. and Raymond F., at home. There survive also these brothers and sisters: John and Adam Earon, of near Beech Creek; Mrs. Christian Meyers, Mrs. Adam Dickey and Mrs. George Waite, of Lock Haven; Mrs. William Wren, of Juniata, and Mrs. William Salmon, of near Lock Haven. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon, with interment in Fearon's cemetery at Beech Creek.

BEAR SEIZED HUNTER AS DEATH INTERVENED

William Lawver, of Millheim, Had Narrow Escape.

PINIONED TO GROUND

Enraged with Pain Wounded Bear Charged Hunter and Knocked Him Down—Collapsed in Death from Bullet from Lawver's Rifle.

William Lawver, a resident of Millheim, and one of a party of hunters with the Millheim Rod and Gun Club, had a narrow escape from being killed by a wounded bear on Tuesday. The Gun Club camps at Big Gap, on the White Deer State Forest, not far from Coburn, on a site leased from the Department of Forestry.

The party had started for the day's hunt and was only five minutes' walk from the camp when one of the hunters raised a big bear and wounded him. The bear was completely bowled over by the bullet, but immediately rose to find its enemy. It spied Lawver, who had not yet fired, and with a roar of rage made straight for him.

Lawver stood his ground, and fired shot after shot into the animal until his rifle was empty. Then, backing as he loaded, he fired his last shot as the bear closed with him. One blow of the bear's huge paws knocked Lawver to his knees, but the effort seemed to exhaust the animal's last strength, for it fell dead before Lawver could rise.

Both bear and hunter were covered with blood, but outside of a few bruises and scratches Lawver was uninjured. The bear weighed over 300 pounds.

REMONSTRANCES FILED

Judge Orvis to Take Up Liquor License Applications on Saturday.

License court will be held before Judge Orvis on Saturday, next, and interest naturally centers in the probable outcome of the consideration of the thirty-five applications for wholesale or retail licenses. Two new applicants are included in this year's list. They are John Bauer, who is applying for a wholesale license in Bellefonte, and Frank Kohlbecker, who is asking for a retail license for the Kohlbecker Hotel at Milesburg.

Announcement has been made by the W. C. T. U. that remonstrances have been filed against all thirty five applications. The remonstrances were circulated for signers by the Men's Temperance League and also the W. C. T. U. Signers to remonstrances number about four thousand, half of whom are men Of the total number of signers 1284 reside in Bellefonte.

"In the very short time available for obtaining these signatures a thorough canvass could not be made", says a statement issued by the W. C. T. U., "so that many who would have welcomed the opportunity to sign were denied the privilege for lack of time and ability to reach them, as all papers had to be filed five days prior to the license court to be held on Saturday, the 18th inst."

No specific charges against applicants for license are set forth in the remonstrances. In one or more instances, it is understood, the applicant is described as being unfit to conduct a licensed hotel.

Owing to the fact that Judge Orvis will retire from the bench on the first Monday in January it is likely that announcement of his license decisions will be made shortly following Saturday's proceedings in court.

Mrs. Matthew Riddle Dead.

Mrs. Anna Susan, widow of the late Matthew Riddle who was at one time a County Commissioner, died on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock at her late home at Pleasant Gap. Her death was due to chronic heart trouble and hardening of the arteries. The deceased was a daughter of the late Benjamin and Susan Peters and was born at Huntingdon, January 27th, 1854, making her age at the time of death 61 years, 10 months and 17 days. On May 15th, 1879, she was married to Matthew Riddle, the children from this union being Arthur Riddle, of Sinclair, Nebraska; George, of Spokane, Washington; Marion, wife of Milton Kunes, and Ralph, at home. There survive also a brother, John Peters, of Cameron, Missouri, and a sister, Mrs. John Fromme, of State College, also a foster-sister, Mrs. Maria Wager, of Tusseyville. Mrs. Riddle was a constant member of the Pleasant Gap Lutheran church for many years and was well and favorably known and held in the highest esteem by the entire community. Funeral services will be held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock from the late home. Rev. Mr. Stonecypher officiating.

TO SUPPORT PENROSE

Philadelphia's New Mayor is for Senior Senator in National Affairs.

Thomas B. Smith, Philadelphia's new Mayor, gave political circles in the State another surprise last Friday when he issued a formal statement announcing that he would support the leadership of Senator Penrose in the selection next spring of delegates to the Republican National convention. This announcement upset all calculations, coming as it did just when many persons had formed the belief that the new Mayor would use the power of the administration in Philadelphia, in co-operation with the Vares, to elect national delegates who might be chosen by a faction headed by Governor Brumbaugh. In making his cabinet appointments Mayor-elect Smith ignored Senator Penrose and Senator McNichol and selected men recommended by the Vares who are regarded as political allies of Governor Brumbaugh. Because of this political circles anticipated an open fight between friends of Penrose and supporters of the Governor for Republican control in Pennsylvania and with Philadelphia's new Mayor lining up with the Brumbaugh side. Hence the surprise in all quarters occasioned by Mayor-elect Smith's announcement that he would be found among the Penrose supporters when national delegates are to be named at the primaries next May.

Governor Brumbaugh was in Philadelphia when Mr. Smith issued his statement but declined to make any comment on it Opinion now is divided as to the likelihood of a contest between Penrose and the Governor. By some it is believed that at the instance of Penrose his friends will support Brumbaugh for election as a national delegate from one of the congressional districts in Philadelphia and that later they may accord the Governor the honor of a caucus indorsement for President by the Pennsylvania delegation. Others, however, are inclined to look for a clean-cut fight for control at the primaries. The statement issued by Mayor-elect Smith was as follows:—

"I was governed in the selection of the heads and assistants of the different departments by my knowledge of the men designated and by my conviction as to their fitness.

"I shall not permit factional politics to enter in any way into the administration of these departments. My purpose is to have the departments conducted on a high standard of efficiency, and if I find that politics is permitted in the Department of Safety or in any other department I shall take prompt and vigorous measures to stop it.

"I realize as a business man and as Mayor-elect of the city, the overwhelming importance of the approaching Presidential election, and I hope and believe that in that election the Republican Party will be successful in the Nation. There is no reason or excuse for any faction in Philadelphia, or in the State, trying to start a political fight. We have had enough fighting in the past, with the resulting party defeats. Particularly in Philadelphia, I will not stand for any factional warfare in the party by contractors or anyone else, and I have the real, settled conviction that in the greatest Republican city in the country the party should not be open to the reproach of contractor leadership.

"I have known Senator Penrose well for a score of years and have steadily supported him in his political efforts. I realize his great influence in the national councils of the Republican Party and how valuable are his services at this time on account of his long and wide experience. Representative business men and political leaders of the different Congressional districts will be elected delegates to the national convention, and it is my desire that they should be in harmony with Mr. Penrose and sustain his leadership for the welfare of the State and Nation."

Convicted of Neglect.

Melville Breth, of Burnside, Clearfield County, was convicted last Saturday in the Clearfield County court of involuntary manslaughter in allowing his 5-month-old daughter to die without administering medical treatment. A doctor said that if medicine had been taken it would have saved the child's life.

Breth and his wife are members of the "holiness" sect, which does not believe in medicines, and when their child became sick last fall, refused to allow any medicine to be administered to it, although a doctor who had been called by the child's grandparents left the medicine in the house.

When the child died complaint was made by neighbors and the father was indicted. The information was made by Harry Conner, register of vital statistics. Much time was consumed in selecting a jury, the twelfth juryman being Squire J. W. Kopp, of Karthaus, who is the father of fourteen children.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

R. S. Free, S. L. Fye, Jacob Gill, Mrs. Finney Grubb, Gilbert Lightey, Mrs. Sarah Meek, James Murat, Stella Stemm, James Whman, and Richard N. Wheelhouse. When called for please say advertised.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

RED CROSS SEALS

Miss Overton Supervising Distribution Here to Aid Health Movement.

Fifteen million Red Cross Christmas Seals are now being distributed throughout the State, according to a statement issued to-day by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which acts as State agent for the American Red Cross for the sale of these seals. Miss Helen E. C. Overton is supervising the distribution of seals in and nearby Bellefonte.

In the great movement for the prevention of tuberculosis no activity is more important than the annual sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, the proceeds from which will go for the fight against tuberculosis in the communities in which the seals are sold.

The State Society is making plans more extensively than ever before to secure this year a record sale in Pennsylvania. Traveling organizers are being sent throughout every county of the State to arouse interest. Women's clubs, lodges, civic leagues and other public bodies are actively co-operating, and hundreds of towns, large and small, all over the State are already preparing for the sale. Thirty thousand letters will be sent out in the City of Philadelphia alone. By these means and others, the State Society is endeavoring to double the sale of last year, whereby over 4,000,000 seals were sold.

Health of the Business Woman.

There are more than eight million women wage earners in the United States. They are represented in almost every branch of commercial activity.

The question of the health of women workers is one of the utmost importance, not alone on account of the efficiency of the individual but because the future welfare of the race may be materially affected by the health of these potential mothers, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

A woman's nervous organization is more sensitive than that of a man. In many trades, occupations and employments, this very fact has been responsible for women's success. Good taste, tact and deftness are qualities which should be cultivated to secure the greatest value from the services of female employees.

The maximum number of hours of labor may not always bring the maximum of production. Scientific efficiency experts have proved that shorter hours and reasonable rest periods often result in increased production. Nearly all corporations and large employers of women workers have learned that by making adequate provision for the care of their employees, their efficiency is increased.

The woman in business should remember that within certain limitations her well-being rests largely in her own hands. There are four essentials to good health: Eight hours sleep in the fresh air. Regular exercise. Sensible clothing. Wholesome food. Without these neither men nor women can maintain their physicial well-being for any lengthy period.

No woman should try working on her nerves. This may be kept up for quite a while when pleasure or the demands of business tempt one to rob themselves of the necessary amount of rest. Invariably one must foot the bills, so in the end the reaction is apt to prove dangerous.

At this season of the year thousands of women are working under a continual strain. They should recognize this and for the time being cut pleasures and devote themselves to getting sufficient rest outside of working hours to carry them through the stress of the holiday business conditions. Better too, a few personal preparations for Christmas neglected than to risk a breakdown after the holidays

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists 26c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, use Allen's Foot—Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. For Dancing parties and Breaking in New Shoes it is just the thing. It gives rest and comfors to tired, swollen, aching feet. Sold everywhere, 25c.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strenghening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. $1.00 a bottle.

Advertise in "The Republican.

Tom Lawrence's Christmas Gift

It Was Given at a Later Christmas to Tom's Son.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

It was Christmas morning. Tommy Lawrence, aged seven, had remained awake so long the evening before, watching for Santa Claus to come down the chimney, that he awakened late. Half opening his eyes, he looked dreamily at the ceiling and closed them again. A sound came up from below that caused him to open them again and listen intently, a sound that he had never heard before in that house.

"Bowwow!"

A dog! There could be no mistake—a sure, certain dog. Tommy's eyes lighted with a glad expectancy. Could it be that for a Christmas present he was to have a little pet barker? Of all things, he craved a real live pet, and of all live pets a dog. He gave a kick. The covers went over the footboard, and he bounded out of bed. He was looking for the first piece of clothing to put on when—

"Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!"

This was too much for him. He opened the door and ran downstairs in his nightie. In the dining room he found his brother, Fred, a boy of fourteen, teasing a pup. Tommy stood looking from the boy to the dog in expectant wonder. Just them his father came into the room.

"Hello, Tom!" he exclaimed. "You down already? You weren't expected. However, the secret is out, and I may as well tell you that this little puppy is to be your principal Christmas gift. What do you think of him?"

What Tom thought of the dog he could not possibly express in words, so he said nothing; but, going to the dog, he laid a hand on him. Then he patted him. Then he put both arms around him and drew his cheek against his own. Finally Tom asked:

"What's his name?"

"Oh, since he is your dog you shall give him his name. What do you think of Spot?"

"I don't know," replied Tommy, still apparently lost in wonder whether it could really be true that he had a pet dog.

"Or Trip?"

"If he's a hunting dog," suggested Fred, "I think Pointer a good name."

"Suppose we make it Wad?" said the father. "When I was a boy and we didn't have cartridges we used to ram wadding down into the barrel of the gun to keep the powder and shot in place. Which shall it be, Tom, Spot or Trip or Pointer or Wad?"

Tom couldn't possibly decide so momentous a question on such short notice, but somehow the family fell to calling the dog Wad, and his little master made it Waddie. The Lawrence home stood in the center of large grounds, and Waddie had plenty of room to roam—that is, he would have when the weather warmed up, for, being nothing but a puppy, he needed to be kept warm. He was a thoroughbred, and Tommy was obliged for awhile to yield in the matter of his treatment and his diet to others. Tom would have fed him on cake and candy had he been permitted, with an occasional feast of some highly seasoned meat. He was much distressed when told that his pet must for the present have nothing but milk.

Tom and Wad grew up together. Tom regarded Christmas as the dog's birthday, and it was celebrated accordingly. Every Christmas a cake was made and at dinner a candle for each one of Wad's birthdays put into the icing. Tom ate the cake, and Wad was given some choice bones that had been saved for the purpose. As soon as the dog was old enough to be trained to hunt he was taken out by a competent person and taught the art of assisting the huntsman. This gave Tom a desire to have a gun that he might utilize his dog, and when he was twelve years old his father consented that he should have one and accompany an experienced sportsman on a hunt. The second season it was found impossible to prevent Tom's going out with his dog and his gun unattended.

After that, when Christmas approached, Tom insisted on going to where there was some kind of game that he might increase the variety of the viands for the Christmas dinner. His hunting ceased about the 1st of November and was resumed a few days before Christmas. When, on a crisp December morning, Tom went out, with his gun, his game bag and his cartridge belt strapped about him, and called Wad, the dog, seeing the paraphernalia, went wild with joy.

When Tom was eighteen years old and in the prime of his youth Wad was about twelve and growing very old for a dog. Still he was a beautiful animal and had always been coveted for his pure blood. He had been stolen several times, but had either found a way to get back to his master or had been returned for a reward. One day, in his old age, he disappeared, and, when several weeks had passed and he had not returned, his master reluctantly gave him up, thinking that he had met with some injury which, on account of old age, perhaps had finished him.

One morning Tom was looking over the pictures of fashionable women in a newspaper, and his attention was arrested by a picture of a pretty girl standing beside a dog. Underneath was printed, "Miss Irene Fleetwood and Her Prize Winner."

"If that isn't Wad," remarked Tom to himself, "it must be his brother. It seems that if I should call him he would jump for me."

There was a short paragraph about Miss Fleetwood and her dog, giving her address. Tom cut it out, with the picture, placing the former in his portemonnaie and the latter on his mantel. There was something in the face and figure of the girl that charmed him, and he never went into his room without standing for awhile over her picture. The dog, too, was a favorite object of inspection. The more Tom looked at the dog and studied the color marking the more he was impressed with the belief that he was Wad. Quite likely he had been stolen and sold to his present mistress.

One day Tom's curiosity led him to walk by the address given in the newspaper and inspect Miss Fleetwood's home. He found it a handsome stone front residence, with costly lace curtains in the windows. The truth is, he was as much interested in catching a glimpse of Miss Fleetwood as of the dog. He saw nothing of either on that occasion; but, finding that the house was not far out of his way on going to the business part of the town, —he now lived in the city—he frequently made his passages by that route. On one occasion while passing he saw the dog standing with his forepaws on a window sill looking out wistfully as if he desired to be free. Tom could not divert himself of the belief that he was Wad. Presently this belief was confirmed. The dog caught sight of Tom and straightway began to quiver with excitement, rubbing his nose on the windowpane as if he would force his way through. Tom stood looking till he feared his presence would be noticed; then he went on.

What should he do? It was probable that the lady had become possessed of the dog by purchase, Wad having been stolen. Should Tom claim him? He felt rather like making the dog the means of an introduction to his mistress.

Tom finally determined on a course to pursue. Having looked into the occupancy of the houses opposite Miss Fleetwood's, he found that lodgings were to be had in one of them and engaged a room overlooking the street. He usually occupied it about the time a lady would be likely to go out in the morning or the afternoon. He saw Miss Fleetwood go out frequently, sometimes in an auto, which she drove herself, but nothing of Wad. He usually went to his point of observation in his own auto, leaving it standing by the curb while on watch.

One crisp cold morning he saw Miss Fleetwood come out of his house, leading the dog by a leash to her auto, and, placing him in the seat beside her, she drove away. In a jiffy Tom was down and out. Springing into his car, he turned on the power and followed the lady. She was evidently out for a spin, for she proceeded on a road leading to the open country. Presently Tom gave a signal that he was about to pass her, and she gave him room.

He had scarcely drawn up beside her when Wad gave a succession of joyful barks, and, before his mistress could interfere with his movements, he jumped from her side and ran beside the passing car, barking vociferously. Tom for awhile pretended not to notice him, then looked down at him with no appearance of especial interest, while the lady's interest was pronounced. She motioned for Tom to slow up. He did so, and both came to a stop.

"I would like to get my dog back into my car," she said.

"Suppose you call him?" replied Tom.

The girl opened the car door and called to the dog to come to her. Instead, he tried to climb into Tom's car.

"Will you kindly tell me," said Tom, "how you came by that dog?"

"I bought him."

"Well, you bought stolen property. He has been my dog for many years. He was a Christmas present to me when he was a puppy."

The young lady demurred. "Come, Beauty," she said; "that's a good dog; come."

Beauty, as she called him, paid no attention to her. He was sitting on his haunches looking wistfully up at Tom and wagging his tail.

"He is a perfect witness," said Tom, "to the truth of my story. I am not going to take him away from you, but if you are willing that he should return to me I will reimburse you for your pecuniary loss."

It was finally decided between the two that they should return to the lady's home. Tom put Wad into her car, but he wouldn't stay there, and she finally consented that he should ride with Tom. When they reached their destination Tom and the girl and the dog went into the house, where Tom offered to give up his claim. But Miss Fleetwood, convinced that he belonged to Tom, relinquished the right to him, refusing compensation, and Tom took him home with him. Tom not only regained his property, but formed an acquaintance on which he had set his heart. He also in time won the girl

Wad lived to a very old age. In fact he lived to be given at Christmas to Tom's oldest son, aged four, but died that night, the boy having given him an overfeeding of plum pudding.

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RECALLED BY KAISER

Germany's Military and Naval Attaches Ordered Home by Emperor.

Emperor William has personally recalled the naval and military attaches of the German Embassy at Washington who by their activities rendered themselves persona non grata to the United States Government. The Emperor requested the United States to use its good offices in securing safe conducts for the departing attaches and for their successors, who will be named later.

A communication from the German Foreign Office announcing the action was delivered to Secretary Lansing last Friday by Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, who hurried to Washington from New York when he was advised that a reply to the request of the United States had been received at the Embassy from Berlin. Mr. Lansing, after a conference of five minutes with the Ambassador, authorized the following official announcement.

"The German Ambassador has informed me that the Emperor has been pleased to recall Captains von Papen and Boy-Ed in compliance with the wishes of the United States."

There was much satisfaction in official circles at Washington at the prompt action taken by Emperor William and at the outcome of a situation which, for a time, appeared to be threatened with serious difficulties. Count von Bernstorff's manner as he left the State Department reflected his own apparent gratification. It is declared that this indicates an early settlement of the Lusitania case.

There is a possibility of further diplomatic correspondence on the subject of the withdrawal of the attaches. While the reasons given by the United States for its request were accepted as satisfactory, because any objection on the part of the American Government to the attaches would render their continued presence undersirable, the German Government later may see fit to address a communication to the United States stating that it does not find itself able to agree that the attaches conducted themselves in a manner which justified them in being declared undesirable.

The British and French Embassies immediately have been asked by Secretary Lansing to secure safe conducts for the return to Germany of the officers. The requests go to the London and Paris Foreign Offices, and it is said that either Great Britain or France, or both may demand that if Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen leave the United States they must go under parole, giving their words not to take part in the hostilities in Europe.

On the other hand, the opinion in understood to prevail at the German Embassy that it is proper to ask for safe conducts without qualification, as the coming successors to the attaches would remove two fighting officers from Germany. Secretary Lansing has determined that the question of asking safe conducts for the successors of the attaches shall be decided after they have been named.

BELLEFONTE WANTS TO KNOW

The Answer Is Found in the Statement of a Bellefonte Resident.

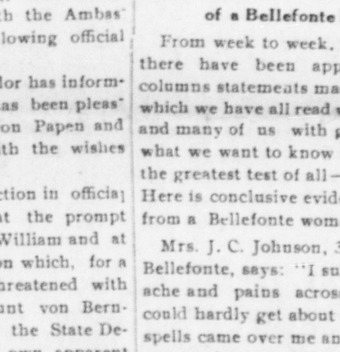
From week to week, from year to year, there have been appearing in these columns statements made by neighbors, which we have all read with great interest, and many of us with great profit. But what we want to know is, do they stand the greatest test of all—the test of time? Here is conclusive evidence on this point from a Bellefonte woman:

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St. Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from backache and pains across my loins and I could hardly get about the house. Dizzy spells came over me and I nearly fell. I was restless at night and my kidneys caused me a lot of annoyance. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., did me more good than anything else. The backache and pains disappeared and my kidneys became normal. I now feel better in every way, as Doan's Kidney Pills certainly cured me." (Statement given October 21st, 1907)

OVER SIX YEARS LATER, Mrs. Johnson said: "The cure Doan's Kidney Pills made for me some time ago has been permanent."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Johnson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Read "The Repu... in advance.



A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts cash you now carry about. How much ter off you would be if you had an accou the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. your cash would be always safe. Th celled checks would be receipts that c verified any time. Think it over and start to-day.

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A Foiled Conspiracy

It Was Handled by a Smart Detective and a Brave Woman.

By EILEEN BRENNAN

Enoch Doolittle, having amassed a fortune by miserly methods, could not bear to think that he would have no control of it after his death. He would have liked to dispose of it before his demise, but that would deprive him of it for the rest of his life. He had no children of his own, but his sister's daughter, Mary Blackiston, had been kind to him, and he resolved to leave his money to her. But, fearing that Mary, who had no business experience, would lose it all, he made a condition that in case his chief clerk, Jonas Kilgour, who had done much dirty work for him in the accumulation of his fortune, should be alive when the estate was turned over she should marry him. The testator gave her one other chance than Jonas' death to escape the marriage if it was distasteful to her. If Jonas refused to marry her she should still inherit the estate.

When Doolittle died Mary, without his knowledge, was engaged to Henry Ashurst, a worthy young man, but poor. Mary, who had often met Kilgour and detested him, decided at once that she would give up the inheritance. Ashurst, learning of the clause in the will releasing her from the condition, went to Kilgour, told him of his engagement to Mary and asked him if he intended to deprive her of her fortune by insisting that she should marry him. Jonas showed at once that he intended to act the dog in the manger. He accused Henry of being desirous of getting possession of the fortune for his own benefit. High words resulted, and Henry, who was a spirited fellow, knocked Jonas down, leaving him where he was on the floor.

By the terms of the will Mary was to receive the money at the end of a year after the testator's death provided the condition had been fulfilled. If she had not married Jonas within that time or Jonas had not refused to marry her then the fortune should be divided among several charitable institutions.

Mary married Ashurst a few months after her uncle's death. Kilgour could not after her marriage hope to enjoy the property as her husband, and there was really nothing for him to do but to sign a paper saying he had refused to marry her. Nevertheless he would not consent to do this. An attorney suggested that a compromise might be effected with Kilgour by agreeing to give him one-third the estate. In this case he would sign the required document. Mary refused to give him anything at all.

A month before the expiration of the year of grace a servant entered Kilgour's room in the morning to find it deserted. The furniture was found disarranged, blood was spattered on the wall, and there was every evidence that there had been an altercation. Persons in the house remembered that Henry Ashurst had been there the night before. The police were notified, and Henry was arrested, charged with having made away with Kilgour. Since Kilgour's death would give Ashurst's wife a fortune, there was strong motive for the deed. Henry said that he had received a verbal message from Kilgour that if he would call at his lodgings at 10 o'clock on the night of the murder he would give him a paper that would put Mrs. Ashurst in possession of her inheritance. He had gone to Jonas' room. Jonas was not there, and, after waiting half an hour, he had returned to his home much disappointed.

It was evident to every one who knew the parties that Jonas had laid a plan to make it appear that Ashurst had made way with him. As to the police, they had no doubt that Henry was guilty, though they were ignorant of what had become of the body. He was lodged in jail without bail. Every effort was made to find Jonas' messenger, but without success. He, too, had disappeared as well as Jonas, and since no one except Henry and his wife knew of his coming there was no evidence that Jonas had sent any such message.

Naturally this was a terrible visitation to the Ashursts. They supposed that Jonas was bent on revenge for being deprived of the Doolittle fortune. He had acted so contemptibly that they feared he would suffer Henry to be punished for murder rather than reveal himself. A detective was employed to try to trace him. When he learned the story as it has been told here from Mrs. Ashurst he arrived at a very different conclusion from theirs as to Kilgour's intent.

"Be comforted," he said to the poor woman. "Kilgour is not after revenge alone. His principal object is money. He desires to force you to divide the estate with him. He will send you a message proposing that if you will accept his terms he will reappear and your husband will be exonerated. But he will choose his own way of conveying his message. It will probably be verbal, like the one he sent your husband to call on him and receive the coveted document. There will be no witness to the receipt of the message, so that it will avail you nothing to make it known that you have receiv-

We must prepare for its coming. We must find some way of having you constantly under the eye of a concealed person. And yet you must give the rascal an opportunity to see you supposedly alone. Indeed, I shall, with your help, try to hit upon some method of giving him the opportunity. I fancy that you, knowing your own habits, may be able to find a way to do this better than I. This done, we will endeavor to entrap the messenger."

This gave Mrs. Ashurst hope, which she at once communicated to her husband. After thinking the matter over she told Hardy, the detective, that she would go for a short walk every morning to the office of her husband's attorney and in the afternoon would visit an intimate woman friend. In the evening, as soon as it was dark, she would go to the jail where Henry was confined with some delicacy for him. This program enabled Hardy to shadow her, keeping at a distance that would not connect him with her.

Hardy placed especial reliance on her being communicated with on her evening visits to the jail, for then she might be approached in the dark. The distance from her house to the jail was about a mile, and nearly every evening she set out either with fruit or some dish she had made. Her morning and afternoon outings she made less frequently, for it was plain that the evening walks, being in part over an unoccupied district, would give Kilgour or his messenger an excellent opportunity to join her.

However, it is the unexpected that happens. She had been making her outings for a week without even a suspicion of any one being interested in her movements when one morning, sitting by a window in the rear of the suit of rooms which she occupied, a man appeared on the fire escape and knocked on the window. Mrs. Ashurst, not having any idea what he wanted, threw up the sash.

"A missing man may be had for $10,000 in gold," he said.

As soon as Mrs. Ashurst could collect her faculties she asked where the money should be left. He replied that when it was ready she was to hang a white cloth from one of her front windows, with a figure on it denoting the day of the month she would pay it. On the evening named at 8 o'clock she was to set out for the jail where her husband was imprisoned. When she came to the unoccupied space an auto would pass her, slowing down near the curb. She was to toss the gold into it. Within a week Kilgour would send an autograph letter to her that would free her husband and a document that would put her in possession of her fortune. All this was spoken rapidly, and as soon as the messenger had finished he hastened down the fire escape and disappeared.

Mrs. Ashurst was relieved and began at once to think how the money could be raised to set her husband free. When she told the story to Hardy he thought out a plan to bag the blackmailer. This was more difficult than would at first appear, for Kilgour would probably not receive the funds in person, and, if the receiver should be captured, he might claim that, having heard of the case, he had attempted to make money without delivering the goods.

After studying the matter he told Mrs. Ashurst to hang out a cloth appointing an evening for the delivery of the gold. She was to go to the rendezvous with an electric lamp, which she was to keep concealed unless an occasion arose to use it. She was to consent to pay the money only to Kilgour himself. If he claimed to be in the auto she was to flash her light. If not she was to make an appointment, if possible, for another evening, when she would return with the gold, which she would exchange for the promised letter and document. A force of armed detectives was to be scattered in concealment along the road.

Mrs. Ashurst set out on the appointed evening and when walking in the unoccupied section heard an auto coming behind her. When it swerved toward her she said, "I will give the gold only to Jonas Kilgour." She saw two dark forms in the auto and heard them talking in a low voice. Then one of them said, "Come tomorrow night and you will receive the answer." Then they drove on.

Hardy now hoped that, the rascal believing he had a woman to deal with whose husband's life was in jeopardy, she would gladly pay the money and take no risks. He arranged for her to be interviewed the next evening within certain limits where there would be several men concealed under layers of earth near the sidewalk. Mrs. Ashurst, armed with a bag of stones and her electric lamp, walked slowly within the limits till the auto came to a halt beside her.

"All right," said a voice which she recognized as Kilgour's. "Here are the documents; produce the gold." The lady reached forth one hand with the bag of stones in it and the other to receive the papers. She wore a dress with loose sleeves, and the moment she had received the papers and let go the bag, shaking the electric lamp from her sleeve, she flashed it in the men's faces, revealing Kilgour and the man who had appeared on the fire escape.

The detectives sprang up, the auto went forward with a jump, and it seemed as if it would escape. But Mrs. Ashurst flashed her light on it, and several shots were fired by the detectives at the rear tires, both of which were pierced, and the machine after bumping along for a short distance over the stones, at last came to a halt, and the men were captured.

That's the end of the story. Mrs. Ashurst had the refusal to marry her, necessary to give her her inheritance, and proof of a conspiracy on the part of Kilgour to bleed her as well as to place her husband's life in jeopardy. Henry Ashurst was released, and his wife received her property. They decided not to prosecute Kilgour, but the state took the matter up and sent him to prison for ten years.

THE GLORIOUS PROCLAMATION

Luke 2:1-20.—Dec. 19.

The Angelic Message on the First Christmas Day—"Good Tidings of Great Joy"—To Be Accomplished During the Millennium—The Blessing to Come First to the Church and Then to the World—Then "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" Forever.

"For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."—Verse 11.

THE angel's Message to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem becomes more precious to each child of God in proportion as he grows in grace and knowledge. As his eyes of understanding open more widely to the lengths and breadths of God's great Plan of the Ages, that prophetic Message is the more highly esteemed as an epitome of the entire Gospel. Nor can our attention be called too frequently to the great event which underlies that Message—our Savior's birth.

For more than four thousand years God's promises, clothed in more or less obscurity, had been given to mankind, intimating that ultimately the curse of sin and death which came upon the world through Father Adam's disobedience in Eden would be rolled away, and in its stead would come a Divine blessing with life-giving refreshment. In various types, figures and shadowy promise this lesson had come down through the ages to the time of our Savior's birth, especially amongst the Jews, the Divinely covenanted people.

The Angel and the Shepherds.

From Bethlehem to Nazareth.

The Jews were a people of commercial spirit. Doubtless many of them were to be found in all parts of the civilized world. Thus amongst every people the faith in the one God and the hope in a coming Messiah were more or less made known, so that at the time of our Savior's birth "all men were in expectation" of Him. Doubtless this expectation was based upon the interpretation of Daniel's prophecy, which we now see clearly marked the year of our Lord's majority, when He was thirty years of age and made His consecration and received the begetting of the Holy Spirit, His anointing as the great antitypical High Priest and King over Israel and the world.—Daniel 9:24-27.

At that time the Roman Empire ruled the world. The great Emperor Caesar Augustus had sent forth his decree for a census of the whole world for purposes of taxation, etc. St. Luke informs us that in response to this royal decree Joseph and Mary went to their native city to be enrolled, and that thus it was that Jesus was born in Bethlehem.

The Angels and the Shepherds.

Noble shepherds those must have been to whom the Almighty sent the angelic Message respecting the birth of Messiah. "Good tidings" is another translation of our word Gospel. The angel's Message is not merely to be good tidings to the comparatively few who now have eyes to see the beauties of the Divine Plan for human salvation. In God's due time it will be good tidings of great joy to all mankind. As every member of Adam's race shared in his fall and in his death sentence, so every member of the race was included in our Lord's great redemptive sacrifice finished at Calvary. God's Plan in Christ, as it shall ultimately be accomplished, will mean great joy to all people; and the tidings were given at the very moment of our Savior's birth, because He was the One through whom the Divine Plan is to be accomplished.

Adoration of the Shepherds.

In our Golden Text we have the philosophy of the Divine Plan, the key to the Gospel explanation of how God could be just and yet the Justifier of sinners who accept Jesus as their Redeemer. The word Savior signifies Life-giver. The explanation as to how He would give life was not then made, nor was it necessary. But now, in the light of developments and with the explanations furnished through the New Testament, we see how our Lord's voluntary sacrifice of His life, dying "the Just for the unjust," settled the claims of Divine Justice against Adam, and thus incidentally against all who shared his death sentence—the entire race of mankind.

Adoration of the Shepherds.

Both the Message of the angel and the song of the Heavenly host are prophetic. Both will have fulfilment during the Millennial Reign of Christ. But not until the close of the thousand years, when the human family shall have been uplifted out of sin and death conditions, will there be indeed glory to God in the highest and peace amongst men. We are not to understand, however, that the entire race will be appreciative of the Divine favor and love. Those unworthy of everlasting life shall be destroyed in the Second Death, from which there will be no hope of recovery, for "Christ dieth no more."

A Scientific Investigation

Of the Power of Mind Over Matter.

By LADD LIVINGSTONE

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Monteola was holding its commencement. Miss Eloise Stanford, a girl distinctly feminine, one whose countenance indicated that she was made to love and be loved, sat in the audience. One of the graduating class, Henry Duckworth, read a paper on faith cures.

Miss Stanford from the moment young Duckworth took the rostrum was evidently attracted to him. Her mother, who sat near her, noticed that her daughter was looking at him covetously, and something indicating an infatuation grew as the doctor proceeded. Then, when he had finished and given way amid applause to the next speaker, it seemed to the mother that the light of the world had for Eloise been extinguished.

From that day the girl was changed. A singularly happy disposition seemed to have been clouded, if not with melancholy, at least with a certain dreaminess. Then a tinge of color that had always been present in her fair skin began to fade.

Mrs. Stanford had her suspicions that one of those quick heart surrenders which so often occur in very young persons had taken place in her daughter and the object of her yearnings was young Dr. Duckworth. The mother suggested that the family physician be called in, but Eloise objected, saying that there was nothing the matter with her; she was only a little run down. She would take a tonic that she had taken before and that had built up her strength.

Eloise took the tonic, but no effect was visible. The girl continued to be dreamy and to decline steadily. Finally, without consulting her, Mrs. Stanford sent for the family physician, Dr. Gilbraith, told him that her daughter was ailing and asked him to see her. The doctor was introduced to the patient, made the usual inquiries, felt her pulse, took her temperature and listened to her heart beat. Then he made his report to the mother that he could discover no organic difficulty and thought the girl was simply run down. Since a tonic had not sufficed, he recommended a trip. Mrs. Stanford was confirmed by this report in her own theory.

"It's her heart, doctor," she said.

"I assure you, Mrs. Stanford, that I examined her heart carefully, and its action is perfect."

Mrs. Stanford then gave the doctor an account of her daughter's having listened to the thesis of young Dr. Duckworth, his evident effect upon her and her own belief that Eloise had fallen in love. Dr. Gilbraith listened to the recital attentively, remarking that the graduate was proving the truth of his assertions of mind over matter at the very moment he was uttering them. When the conference was finished Dr. Gilbraith took his departure, having promised to think the matter over.

In a day or two the family physician called again at the Stanfords' and after the usual pulse feeling and inquiries said to the patient:

"With my large practice I am unable to give your case the attention it requires. Your trouble is mental and through the mind has affected the body. I don't mean that your mind is diseased nor that it is in an abnormal condition. It is simply affected, as the minds of young persons are liable to be affected, by some especial—in your case—hidden cause. A young man of my acquaintance, a recent graduate of the college of physicians and surgeons, has taken up the study of the effect of mind over matter and purposes to make it a specialty."

The doctor, whose intention was partly to diagnose his patient's malady, called by his last sentence a faint color to Eloise's cheek. The heart theory was confirmed.

"I propose that you shall be placed under observation, my friend Dr. Duckworth being the observer."

Dr. Gilbraith saw the faint color that had come in Eloise's cheek deepen into scarlet. He proceeded:

"The doctor will visit you occasionally, question you as to your symptoms, give you such correctives as you may need, but his principal aim will be to discover this subtle something that is affecting your brain and, through your brain, your body."

Pretending not to notice his patient's blushes, the doctor withdrew and, finding Mrs. Stanford in the library below, said to her:

"I have done a bit of diagnosing of your daughter's case and have found that you have preceded me in a correct theory. Your daughter's disease is, as you have surmised, in the heart."

Dr. Gilbraith then repeated what he had said to Eloise and proposed to her mother that he should place Dr. Duckworth in charge with the intent that he should effect a cure.

"But, doctor," the lady protested, "the young man will at once see that my daughter is"—

"Excuse me, madam; he will do no such thing. A conceited prig supposes every girl he meets to be in love with him; a modest gentleman is usually devoid of any perspective faculty whatever as to the fact that a heart is at his disposal. Dr. Duckworth is a very bright man and, being a young man, is certain of many things he will doubt when older. The one plain symptom right under his nose he will fail to see."

The matter having been thus arranged, so far as the Stanfords were concerned, it only remained for Dr. Gilbraith to broach the matter to Duckworth. He called upon the young man, assumed a serious bearing and, stating Miss Stanford's condition, using every medical phrase that would suit his purpose, explained his suspicion that some effect was being produced on Miss Stanford's body through her brain and offered the case to the young investigator. Duckworth was much interested and accepted the work with alacrity.

Dr. Gilbraith accompanied Dr. Duckworth on his first visit to Eloise Stanford and before entering the room said to him:

"There is a tendency of the heart to throw the blood to the surface, doctor. Anything unusual, such as the meeting of a stranger, will produce this effect. I think you will notice it on our entrance."

The warning was well timed, for the moment Eloise's eyes fell upon Dr. Duckworth her blushes told the nature of her disease so plainly that perhaps even the young physician might have discovered it had not he been led to believe that the symptom arose from some purely physical cause. The investigator was duly introduced, and Dr. Gilbraith, in order to impress the patient, made some suggestions to him in such high sounding medical terms that it is questionable if even the latter was familiar with them all. The introduction and suggestions having been finished, Dr. Gilbraith went below, where he found Mrs. Stanford. The two chatted together until Dr. Duckworth came down.

"Well, doctor," asked Gilbraith, "what do you think?"

"I do not like to pronounce so early on a case that has baffled a practitioner of your great experience, but the first symptoms I have observed point to an affection of the heart."

Mrs. Stanford looked at Dr. Gilbraith reproachfully, as much as to say, "I told you he would discover the real cause."

"I noticed," continued the investigator, "when I placed my ear upon the organ the pulsations were rapid—120 to the minute."

For a few moments it was uncertain to the listeners whether the young man had caught on to the real situation. Then he proceeded to talk of the case so learnedly that Dr. Gilbraith's suspicions were allayed and Mrs. Stanford drew a long sigh of relief. Then the two doctors departed together, and the study of the effect of mind over matter in the case of Eloise Stanford had begun.

Dr. Duckworth at his second visit saw his patient alone. After an interview with her he rejoined her mother, and, evidently impressed with the delicacy and importance of his question, he said:

"Sometimes girls are brought to a decline by cherishing a secret love. May I ask, Mrs. Stanford, if you suspect any such cause in your daughter's case?"

This was coming very near home, besides forcing the lady into the position of telling a falsehood. Mrs. Stanford dodged.

"I have understood from Dr. Gilbraith that you were to investigate my daughter's case unprejudiced and uninfluenced. I think it best, therefore, doctor, that you should ask me no questions. I will say, however, that no symptom has appeared to me that has not been apparent to you."

The doctor twirled his mustache thoughtfully, while Mrs. Stanford brought her critical eye to bear upon him. Was he interested professionally in any love affair her daughter might have or on his own account? If the latter his question was a shrewd move. It was plain that he did not suspect any such heart affection toward himself.

Despite the fact that Eloise remained in the position of an invalid, she recovered her health rapidly. Her physician did not illuminate the world by a discovery of a mental depression affecting health, but he hung on nobly. His visits were at first once in two weeks; then they increased to weekly, and finally he was continually running in, having forgotten something or left something or a new idea having occurred to him, and the durations of his visits increased with their frequency.

One morning Eloise put her arms about her mother and said:

"Mamma, dear, I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?"

"Can you guess?"

"No."

"Dr. Duckworth and I are engaged."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, and I have another surprise for you."

"What's that?"

"I've been in love with him ever since I heard him read his thesis on the effect of mind over matter."

"How in the world did you ever conceal it so long?"

"It was awfully hard. And just think; he saw me in the audience and fell in love with me too."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mother, wonder struck.

"Yes; he has told me so."

"Has he told you what has been affecting your health?"

"No; he hasn't told me that, but he says that if I ever have a relapse, being constantly with me, he will try again."

"I hope you'll never have a relapse."

"Why so, mamma? Why are you so serious about it?"

"Because if you do some one might get hurt."

LAUNDERED BILLS

Uncle Sam's Method of Cleaning Soiled Paper Money.

WASHED AND THEN IRONED.

This Work Is Done In the Treasury Department by Machines, Each One of Which Can Daily Make 35,000 Pieces of Used Currency Look New.

"By washing soiled paper money we save the government $300 every day," said Miss Annie E. Thomas, in charge of the "laundry" of the redemption division of the United States treasury in Washington.

"Soiled money," she went on, "comes to us daily from banks all over the United States to be redeemed. Formerly all of this money was destroyed and new was issued in its place. Now we take the least soiled and worn bills and put them through the laundry to be washed and ironed. These are almost as good as new and are redistributed with the notes which come from the bureau of engraving and printing.

"We launder about 35,000 bills daily and call this a good day's washing. It costs 30 cents to wash 100 dirty notes and $1.30 to print the same number. Through the laundry we save $1 on 100 notes. Washing, as we do, an average of 35,000 bills a day, of which many are not fit to send out again, we estimate that our saving amounts to at least $300.

"We wash 10 per cent of all the money that comes to be redeemed. Nothing higher than a twenty dollar bill goes through the washing machine. The small bills are in constant circulation and wear out rapidly, so they have to be reissued more frequently than those of high denomination. Bills of high value are never laundered.

"Banking opinion is divided on this subject of laundered money. Some banks desire new money and will not accept any other, while many banks request the washed bills, saying that they are softer than the others and are easier to handle.

"We have received this testimonial especially from men who have long payrolls and must handle thousands of dollars to fill many pay envelopes. These men tell us that the washed bills do not stick together as do the others and can be more readily counted out.

"The washing machines occupy a floor space of about four square yards and are combination washers and ironers. Two girls work at a machine, which is operated by electricity. One feeds the soiled money to the washer, and the other catches the clean money as it leaves the ironer.

"The bills are laid on a moving belt of wet blanket, which carries them on to meet another moving blanket from above. Thus secured between these two blankets they pass over and around a number of rollers in a tank of soapy suds, which cleanses and sterilizes them. Then they pass through rinsing water and on to heated rollers, which dry and iron them.

"They drop out at the end of the course into the hands of a girl, who scrutinizes each bill to determine whether it is fit to be sent out into circulation. As she assorts the bills she stacks those which she considers perfect into piles ready for the expert counters. When the counts are verified the laundered bills are made into packages containing 4,000 of one denomination and kind and sealed for redistribution among the banks.

"By this practice of redeeming money by washing it," said Miss Thomas, "we also have an extra means of checking up on the counterfeiters. Our expert counters spot counterfeits as soon as they are sent in with the government money from the banks. They pass these bills along to the secret service detectives, who trace them to their makers.

"A counterfeit hasn't a chance to escape us. From the time the bank's packages are opened by the counters to be verified to the time the money leaves this division finally it is watched by expert eyes. When the washable money is separated from the rest and is turned over to me to put through the laundry I give it to the operators. They look at it carefully at the time it enters the washing machine and when it comes out. After this my counters go over it. By this time you may be sure any counterfeit is discovered.

"It is a remarkable sight to watch the sixty expert counters, who average 20,000 notes daily, run lightly through a bunch of bills and stop short suddenly when they come to a counterfeit in their hands. They identify these notes, almost perfect as they often are, by the 'feel' of the paper. Under their trained vigilance counterfeits seldom get as far as the laundry."—New York Sun.

One Kind of a Platform.

An American gentleman got acquainted with a Frenchman who was very anxious to acquire the English language. The American, in order to help him, said that if he would send his exercises to him he would willingly correct them.

Nothing was heard from the Frenchman for some time, but finally a letter came couched in the following choice English:

"In small time I can learn so many English from his textbook and her dictionary as I think I will come at the America and to go on the scaffold to lecture."

Silence is a figure of speech, unanswerable, short, cold, but terribly severe.—Parker.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 16, 1915

CHARLES R. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35

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When am deer meat dear meat? When dat warden man comes around.

The difference between a buck and a doe, strange to say, is one hundred bucks.

High winds in Washington are explained by the fact that Congress is again in session.

The Republican national convention has been scheduled to be held in Chicago on June 7th. The Democratic convention will be held one week later in St. Louis The Republicans will be on the aggressive from start to finish. Lookout for a Republican landslide in 1916.

LET HARMONY RULE.

Happily the prospect for a factional fight in the Republican party in the State is fading away. This is as it should be. There is no good cause for such a fight. The only sure thing about a Republican family quarrel is Democratic encouragement.

With harmony prevailing Republican triumph in Pennsylvania for the national ticket in 1916 is assured. A factional contest in Pennsylvania would only breed and encourage similar fights in other States. Mayor-elect Smith, of Philadelphia, has risen to the occasion by announcing in unmistakable terms that his administration will not be hampered by factionalism and that in national affairs he will follow the leadership of Senator Penrose. From Pittsburgh comes a declaration to the same effect by Mayor Armstrong.

Popular sentiment favors the selection of business men as delegates from Pennsylvania to the Republican national convention. Under the leadership of Senator Penrose the delegation from this State will stand for the protective tariff policy. And it is a protective tariff that Pennsylvania's extensive industries need to restore them to prosperity that is sound and normal and not dependent wholly on warfare in foreign lands.

WRITTEN BY CHILDREN.

Some Famous Hymns That Have Outlived Their Authors.

Some of the best known hymns in the language have been written by children. Everybody knows "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," a hymn with a unique record. It was the first hymn the author, Dr. Ray Palmer, ever wrote. It is by far the most popular of his hymns. It was written when he was a mere lad, and he survived its publication and popularity sixty years. It was set to music in the year of its birth and has always been sung to the same tune.

One of the best known hymns in the world is "There Is a Land of Pure Delight." Yet it was written by Isaac Watts before he reached manhood. It is said that he was staying in the Isle of Wight and looking across to Hampshire when he penned the lines:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.

That fine soldierly hymn, "Oft In Danger, Oft In Woe, Onward, Christian, Onward Go," was actually written by a boy and girl who never saw each other. The boy was poor Henry Kirke White, who died before he reached manhood, and the girl was Frances Fuller-Maitland.

The fact is that when the boy poet died the little girl was not born. Exactly when Kirke White wrote his verses is not known, for they were found among his papers after his death. He had worked some sums in algebra on the same sheet.

Twenty years later the little Frances, fourteen years old, wrote the verses beginning respectively, "Let your drooping hearts be glad," "Let not sorrow dim your eye," and "Onward, then, to battle move," which made a fine hymn of what was really only a set of verses.

Frances Ridley Havergal wrote one of her best known hymns when she was a girl of fifteen. In fact, it was the first thing of any importance she ever penned. This is the pathetic hymn, "Thy Life Was Given For Me."

It was scribbled on the back of a circular in pencil and first read to an old, bedridden woman who liked it so much that the little girl repented of her first intention to burn it, and her father wrote the well known tune, Baca, to it.—London Tit-Bits.

Same Thing.

Sharp—I punctuated my tire the other day. Friend—Punctuated! You mean punctured, I suppose. Sharp—P'r'ap I do; but, anyway, I came to a full stop.

JURY ACQUITS WOMAN

(continued from page 1)

he saw him catch her by the dress and throw her down; that he the witness had been there a couple of hours.

The next witness was Frank Voziniak, whose testimony was corrobarative of that given by his wife, and that some of these men had been trying to pick a fight with him for sometime before this occurred, the feeling growing out of the war in Europe, and that he had been hit with a stone on the back of the head which was largely verified by the officers. Joseph Wade testified to the condition of his head and the condition of the house.

Frank Konofki testified that he was a border at Voziniak's, was away on this particular Sunday, but came home in the evening; that he went into the house and took the children upstairs, that there were many stones thrown at the house, that Frank also came upstairs, and that the stone throwing lasted for about an hour; that the windows were broken, the room filled with stones, and many stones on the side porch; that he did not know the name of the man who was shot until after he was dead.

At this point several foreigners were called as witnesses who testified along the same line as previous witnesses.

Mrs. Voziniak was recalled and said she had never told her husband to shoot, and that she would put up $50. The constable was recalled and described the marks on the house, stones in the house, and the size of them, also the condition of Voziniak's head.

At this point the defendant rested and the Comm. had nothing in rebuttal, when the Court informed the parties that the evidence showed no elements of either first or second degree murder but would submit the case to the Jury on the charge of voluntary manslaughter. The District Attorney stated that he did not care to argue the case to the Jury but W. G. Runkle, of counsel for defendants, made an argument to the Jury, after which the Court charged the Jury, defining the different grades of murder, and what the testimony must measure up to convict of the grades of murder. After which the Jury retired and rendered a verdict within twenty minutes of not guilty.

Comm. vs. Charles Slavish, Steve Drabish and John Drabish, indicted first count, rioting, second count, rout, third count, unlawful assembly. The testimony in this case was practically the same testimony as in the homicide case, the case growing out of the riot at Staub Hill October 31st 1915. At the close of the Commonwealth's testimony counsel for the defendants asked for a voluntary nol. pros. as to Charles Slavish as he was not there in the evening when the rioting took place, he having been a party in the afternoon, and the indictment containing no charge of assault and battery on Mrs. Voziniak. The motion was sustained and Charles Slavish discharged and the trial proceeded as to the two Drabishes, and resulted in a verdict on Saturday noon of guilty.

The Grand Jury made their final report stating that they had passed upon nine bills of indictment, finding seven true bills and two ignored. That the Court House was in satisfactory condition excepting the cellar entrance which they recommended should be covered to prevent water from flooding the furnace floor and to make safer the outside stairway in icy weather; that they had visited the jail and recommended a new fire back in the kitchen range, a general clearing up of the jail yard, and the removal of a chicken yard from the jail yard, and that a new floor be put in the upper tier of cells at the front end of the building.

Other cases disposed of since Wednesday of last week follow:—

Comm. vs. Minnie Hayes and Elsie Smith, indicted first count, keeping disorderly house, second count, keeping bawdy house. When this case was called counsel for the defendants moved the Court to quash the indictment for the reason that the Act of 1915 provided that the committing magistrate excepting in certain cases was to hear the defendants and their witnesses at the time for the hearing, if the defendant demanded it. The Court overruled the motion and the defendants went to trial. They resided just outside the limits of the Borough of Philipsburg and were arrested about Oct. 19th last. Verdict on Wednesday afternoon of not guilty and the County to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. Charles Scheckler, seduction and adultery, Prosecutor, Benjamin Aikey; continued.

Comm. vs. James Peace, prosecutor, Harry Kline; charged with furnishing liquor to an intemperate person and larceny. Bill ignored, and the prosecutor to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. Dip Rittenhouse; charged with larceny; prosecutor, Joseph Stafford. Bill ignored and the County to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. Lawrence Moore; charged with betrayal; prosecutrix, Blanche Kelley; settled.

Comm. vs. L. J. Bilodean; charge, betrayal; prosecutrix Norma Brown. This case was nol. prossed as the case belongs to Lycoming County.

Comm. vs. Andrew Garver; charge, larceny; prosecutor, R. W. Betts. On motion of District Attorney nol. pros. entered.

Comm. vs. John Kilbosky, August Kilboskey, and Louis Donebliskey; charge, malicious mischief and trespass; prosecutor, I. E. Overdorf. The District Attorney suffered voluntary nol. pros.

Comm. vs. Alex. Kaskey; indicted for procuring goods under false pretense; prosecutor, R. B. Daugherty; the defendant procured goods at the store of the prosecutor at Clarence in Snow Shoe Township at different times during the past fall on the representation that he was working for the Pa. R. R. Co. and keeping boarders on a pipe line and spur of railroad, and on investigation the prosecutor learned that the work was not being done by the railroad company and defendant not keeping a boarding house; while the defendant's allegations were that he had arranged to keep a boarding house and expected to work for the Railroad Co. as stated when the work started. Verdict on Thursday morning of guilty.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Catherine R. Minnick, et bar, to F. P. Bower, tract in Haines Twp.; $687.50

Susan A. Stumpff to C. S. Bower, tract in Haines Twp; $175.

Wm. H. Noll, Jr., et al, to W. H. Noll Jr. tract in Spring Twp.; $300.

T. B. Budinger, et ux, to Mary Stritsko tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $410.

J. H. Crouse, et al, Exrs; to Alice Stover, tract in Haines Twp.; $400.

W. D. O'Brien, et ux, to O. J. Harm, tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; $5,000.

Franklin C. Grove, et ux, to F. S. Bowen, tract in Marion Twp.; $10.

Mary A. Stoddart, et al, to Miles Baughman, tract in Rush Twp.; $1,250.

James Ardry, et ux, to Ellanor Williams, tract in Worth Twp.; $597.75.

Ida R. Williams, Exrx., to Margaret Calhoun, tract in Worth Twp., $800.

Margaret Calhoun, et bar, to Ida R. Williams, tract in Worth Twp.; $800.

Arthur B. Lee, Sheriff, to D. H. Custer tract in Union Twp.; $67.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to Irvin Chapin, tract in College Twp.; $350.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company to J. Harris Watson tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; $120.

J. Harris Watson, et ux, to O. J. Harm tract in Snow Shoe Boro.; $200.

William Hamer to Wilson G. Frantz, tract in Taylor Twp., $1.

Ernest C. Holt, et al, to Roland F. Barger tract in Burnside Twp.; $1,100.

Harry Keller, Trustee., to M. Frank Hazel, tract in Spring Twp.: $600.

Orphans' Court Sale.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell. Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania, will be sold at public sale at the Hotel in the Village of Port Matilda, Worth Township, in said County of Centre, on Saturday, January 8th, 1916, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, late of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land located in Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on line of Jacob Vanpool, thence by same North sixty-two and one half degrees East thirty-seven rods to a stone; thence by land of Hoover and Fryberger North fourteen and one-half degrees East ninety rods to a stone; thence by same North forty-eight degrees East forty-five rods to a stone; thence by lands of Susan Woodle North forty six and three-fourth degrees West twenty-one rods to a stone; thence by land of Christian Sharrer South fifty-three degrees West fifty-seven rods to a stone; thence by same South fifty-seven and three-fourth degrees West ninety-eight and eight-tenth rods to the place of beginning; Containing thirty-three acres and one hundred and fifty-four perches.

This property is located along the main road leading from Flat Rock to the Bald Eagle and Philipsburg Turnpike.

The improvements are two, two-story frame dwelling houses, bank barn and other outbuildings, a good orchard and fruits of various kinds.

It will make a desirable home for any one desiring to live on the property or any one wishing an investment.

Terms of Sale: Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale and the balance of the purchase money to be paid upon confirmation of sale and delivery of the deed.

The property will be sold free of all encumbrances.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney. JACOB WOODRING, Executor.
12-16-3t.

Legal Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas or Centre County, No. 11, February term 1916.

In re petition of Rose L. Manion for authority to act as feme sole trader.

Notice is hereby given that Rose L. Manion, wife of Thomas W. Manion, has filed her petition in the above named Court praying that she be declared a feme sole trader under the provisions of the Acts of Assembly in such case made and provided and that a certificate be granted to her so to act. Whereupon the Court did order that notice thereof be given by publication and that said petition would be heard in said Court on the 27th day of December, 1915, at which time all persons interested may show cause if any they have why the decree and certificate prayed for shall not be made and granted.

HARRY KELLER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

Notice.

To Frank C. Allen, and to all persons who have any knowledge of his whereabouts.

WHEREAS, Frank C. Allen, formerly of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, disappeared from his home on or about the 15th day of December A. D. 1907 and has never been heard from since. NOTICE is hereby given that application has been made by William P. Allen, his only surviving child, for letters of administration on said estate, and in accordance with a decree of the Orphans' Court of said county, dated December 1915, Friday the 21st day of January A. D. 1916, has been fixed for the day for a preliminary hearing relative to the continued disappearance of said Frank C. Allen.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
12-9-4t. Attorney.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jacob Woodring of Port Matilda, Post Office, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney. JACOB WOODRING, Executor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Susan Becker Ferguson late of State College borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa. J. A. FERGUSON Administrator, State College, Pa.

Jewelry--Diamonds--Watches
Clocks--Silverware.

OUR SLOGAN

"None But Guaranteed Goods Sold at This Store"

Has always been upheld and always will be upheld.

Beautiful patterns of the largest and most reliable Jewelry Houses on hand in the varied assortments of the different lines.

Wrist Watches

and

La Valliers

are the vogue this year, there seeming to be at this time more of a demand for these articles than heretofore.

Gifts With A Constant Meaning & Lasting Remembrance.

Our line of Sterling Silver and plate is, as usual, the largest and most varied in this city.

We solicit phone orders where it is impossible for one to get to our store. Both Phones.

Only One Week More

Make Your Gift A Useful One. A Present of Lasting Wear.

F. P. Blair & Son

Jewelers and Opticians--Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Rev. Prentice will fill the Baptist pulpit on Sunday morning and evening, December 19th.

Mrs. Dean Shope, of Bellefonte, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tom Shope.

Miss Laura Confer, of Yarnell, spent Thursday with Mrs. Edward Quick.

George Smith, of Dix Run, spent Sunday with his family on Market Street.

Clayton Kilpatrick, of Bellefonte, visited Sunday with Robert Wallace.

Mrs. Elsie Laird and Miss Nellie Bowmaster spent Thursday with Mrs. H. L. Spear.

Mrs. John Fulton, of Osceola, visited with Mrs. Mary Shroyer during the past week.

Samuel Bowmaster, of State College, spent Sunday with H. L. Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stanley spent Sunday in Curtin.

Miss Alice Maurer and John Fulton, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Miss Maurer's sister, Mrs. H. L. Spear.

Mrs. John Shultz spent Saturday in Tyrone.

Mrs. Belle Bryan, of Curtin, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Elmer Bryan and daughter Eva, visited in Tyrone during the past week.

Miss Mary Lepley returned home from a visit with her sister Mrs. Thomas, at Williamsport.

Tom Quick, of Julian, spent Wednesday with Edward Quick.

Dallas Bullock is on the sick list.

Miss Jennie Adams was on the sick list recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sellars left Friday for Altoona to visit their daughter who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullock, of Julian, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robison and family spent Sunday in Howard.

Mrs. J. D. Kanarr has returned home from visiting in Pleasant Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Janet and family spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Clifford Quick is ill with the jaundice.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann are moving into their new house on Main Street.

Mrs. Edward Neff is on the sick list.

Miss Alice Rickard returned Thursday from visiting in Williamsport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, of Bellefonte, have moved to the Forge.

Mrs. William Allen, of Curtin, spent Saturday with Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Mrs. Yeager and Miss Mildred Glenn, of Curtin, visited Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spear during the past week.

Miss Bernice Dukeman, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Miss Pearl Bryan.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Fillmore, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Miss Mina Woomer spent Sunday in Curtin.

Miss Gladys Glenn spent Sunday in Curtin.

The Senior Class Social on Saturday night was a success to a certain extent. They made about $15.

Mrs. Brown, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland, returned Saturday to her home in Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Kellerman left Saturday morning for a visit in Akron, Ohio.

George Sheckler spent Saturday and Sunday in Osceola.

Mrs. Kidwell, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland, returned to Akron, Ohio.

James Askey visited in Clearfield Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fisher are rejoicing over the arrival on Monday of a young son.

Claude Wyland, of Rockview, spent Friday evening with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Wyland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Quick visited in Fairview during the past week.

Mrs. William Walker, who has been visiting in Yarnell, has returned home.

The stores are getting the Xmas apparel on display. Every store has a host of lovely things to attract the eye. Useful as well as beautiful things abound everywhere. In the Company Store are seen some very beautiful roses. So very natural do they appear that one of our leading citizens walked to them, leaned down and attempted to inhale their lovely fragrance before he realized they were artificial. Isn't that so, Squire William B.?

The Janizaries.

The Janizaries were the most fearless soldiers the Turkish empire has ever known, and they were not Turks. It has been said that the most zealous religionist is the convert to the faith, and so it was with these converted Christians. When they took the faith of Mohammed under Sultan Orkhan in 1330 and formed the nucleus of his bodyguard they became the most extreme Mussulmans. It was they who stormed the walls of Constantinople in 1453, the city that had hitherto been considered impregnable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mother Earth was clothed in the robes of purity on Sunday night.

Fred Webber, victim of a recent automobile accident, is improving nicely. His machine has been repaired and made ready for another spin.

Charley Moon spent the Sabbath among old friends at Boalsburg.

Mrs. Sallie Bloom is visiting at the E. E. Royer home at Bloomdorf.

Mrs. Mary Wright, after a month's visit among her old Centre County friends departed last Saturday for her home in Tyrone.

Mrs. Mary Homan and daughter May in their new Ford car motored from Rock Springs and spent Sunday with friends at Pine Hall and at the old homestead.

Charley Cramer is snugly fixed up in the Johnson tenant house at Pine Hall. Chickens like to come home to roost.

General Charles Bartholomew, assistant cashier of the Penns Valley Bank, motored to State College Monday evening. At many places along the road he could have used runners to good advantage.

Dr. G. H. Woods and wife, after a very pleasant visit the past ten days among friends in and about Pittsburgh, returned home on Tuesday. They were perfectly delighted with their trip.

Dr. Frank Bailey came up from Milton on Monday of last week and joined the Modock hunting crowd at the Ross place where five fine bucks were hung up before the season closed on the 15th. The State College Gun Club had two bucks and a wild cat. The Homan crew had one buck. While some of the other camps reported nothing doing up to the last day or so of the season the fall of snow on Sunday night may have turned their disappointment into the pleasure that goes with bringing down a fine, big buck.

The venerable Henry Norris is seriously ill at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Mingle, at State College, where he was visiting last week and at which time he suffered a stroke of paralysis. Owing to his advanced age his recovery is a matter of grave doubt.

A. B. Struble, of State College, one of Mr. Frye's trusted clerks, is suffering from a nervous breakdown and has gone to the Roaring Spring Hospital for treatment. He departed Monday morning. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery and his return to his duties at an early date.

C. M. Dale and son, W. R., enjoyed an early morning drive on Sunday in their horse-auto and spent the day with friends in Bellefonte.

Tuesday evening Washington Grange No. 157, held a special meeting in Room 100 in the Horticultural Building at State College to confer the fourth degree on a large class. It was the largest class ever admitted by one Grange at one time in the State. No. 157 has been commended by the State officials as one of the most aggressive in the State. After the regular exercises a feast was served, and it was such as only a group of Grange ladies are able to prepare. Informal remarks were in order later in the evening. Dean Holmes was the first to respond and in his characteristic happy vein more than delighted his hearers. A number of other State College professors, as well as other guests, also spoke briefly. The Grange is making every effort to entertain visiting members of the State Grange when they assemble at State College December 21—24.

Woodward.

Rev. Haney, a former pastor of the Evangelical Association church, now of Benton Pa., preached a very interesting sermon Sunday evening.

Having spent ten days hunting with the Woodward Gun Club, Charles Miller and John Huff returned to their home in Pitcairn on Saturday.

Samuel Kreamer and Irvin Smith were to the re-opening of the United Evangelical Church on Sunday at Coburn.

Rev. Mr. Harris preached a fine sermon Sunday morning. His text was, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

Mrs. Arthur Runkle is suffering with an attack of rheumatism.

Miss Florence Overdorf, from Jersey Shore, is visiting her grand-parents here.

Miss Laura and Maude Musser and brotner Allison from Scotland spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of their uncle, Howard Musser.

Miss Mary Guisewite, from Fiedler, spent the Sabbath with her friend, Miss Florence Benner.

Dr. Kuhlman, from Pittsburgh, spent a day last week with his father-in-law, Dr. W. P. Ard. He was accompanied home by his wife.

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema—any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores.

Advertise in "The Republican.

Howard.

Mrs. Mollie Williams and daughter, of North Carolina, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Holter.

Misses Mary Regal, Vinna Butler and Stella Kelly were visitors to Bellefonte, Wednesday.

Oscar Lucas and sister, Mrs. Anna Harvey visited their niece, Mrs. William Perry, at Altoona, over Sunday.

Mrs. Zelma Jordan is visiting relatives and friends at Altoona and Johnstown.

Miss Helen Bennison, who has been visiting relatives in Ohio for the past two months, arrived home Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Confer and daughter Marie, were Lock Haven shoppers Thursday.

Miss Claire Thompson visited her home at Port Matilda over Sunday.

F. S. Dunham and daughter Grace, were Lock Haven shoppers Saturday.

Miss Hilda Wagner was a Lock Haven caller Saturday.

Miss Pearl Pletcher visited friends at Pleasant Gap over Sunday.

Miss Mittie Lucas was a Bellefonte visitor Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Ertle, of Pittsburgh, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs Philip Ertle.

Mrs. Catharine Bechdol left Friday for Pittsburgh, where she will spend the winter with her children.

Misses Miriam Lucas and Clara Smith, of the Lock Haven Normal, were Sunday guests with their parents.

Messrs. Jack, Bill and Mack Shay, who are working at Renovo, were home visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Elsie Fry, of State College, visited her mother, Mrs. Catharine Bechdol on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ward Schenck was a Bellefonte shopper Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Medes and daughter, of Lock Haven, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams Thursday.

Messrs. William and John Weber and Dr. Kurtz attended a Masonic meeting in Altoona, Friday.

Mrs. H. C. Biggs returned to her home in Philadelphia, after spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. G. Frank Williams.

Miss Genevieve Pletcher visited with relatives in Williamsport, over Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Loder, of Lock Haven, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Loder over Sunday.

C. A. Stoner and son, of Mill Hall, visited his daughter, Mrs. Chet Moore, Sunday.

Ralph Harvey, who has been at South Bethlehem for several weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Mt. Eagle.

Everybody seems to be through with butchering except my neighbor J. F. Deitz.

Those on the sick list include Mrs. Deitz, Mrs. Will Gates and John Leathers' baby. All are better at this writing.

The Mt. Eagle boys who were out hunting returned home last Thursday and report some game at the maple swamp, where they camped.

Grandmother Robinson on Saturday last went to Snow Shoe to see her daughter, Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, and the grandchildren.

Mrs. A. A. Aikey and daughter Eveline, of Bellwood, came home recently to see her mother, Mrs. Deitz, who has been ill, and also to help with the butchering on Monday.

Mrs. Mary Pletcher went to Howard on Sunday to see her sister, Mrs. Rudolph Pletcher, who recently moved to that place.

Hays Daughenbaugh and John Thomas, who are employed away from home, spent Sunday here with their families.

The ladies of the Kennedy M. E. church will hold a festival and box social next Saturday evening. The place is yet to be selected, but will be announced later.

Mrs. George Bryan and children, from McCoys Works, spent a week here with her sister-in-law, Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

Mrs. Blain Hayes and children, from Howard, took supper Sunday evening with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Bathurst.

E. E. Heverly last week put a corrugated steel roof on his house. Will Holter, of Howard, handled the job.

S. C. Dice is busy husking corn with his husker and shredder for the Bitner boys.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Molly Leathers, in Kennedy on Sunday afternoon.

The stork last Sunday visited at the home of Justice Leathers and left there a fine, big boy. Mother and little one are doing splendidly.

Mrs. Sarah E. Black Dead.

Mrs. Sarah E. Black, widow of the late M. E. Black, died at the home of her grand-daughter, Mrs. Alexander Kennedy, at Sandy Ridge, last Sunday. She was aged 85 years. Her husband preceded her to the grave several years ago. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock, interment being made in the Osceola cemetery.

FAT AND FORTY.

Some Hints For Stout People Who Wish to Reduce In Weight.

Getting fat means that there is, physically speaking, either an excessive income or a deficient outgo, or both. From this the remedy would appear simple. Theoretically it would be either to limit the income of fat producing foods or, once they are eaten, burn them up and get rid of them, or both, and presto the change is made! In practice, however, after certain habits of eating and living have been indulged in for from thirty to forty years it is not always the easiest thing in the world to form new habits. Only those with abundance of will power will succeed. Jellyfish, with jellyfish backbones and jellyfish determinations, will usually go on resembling more and more the proverbial jellyfish or sack of meal in figure. There is little hope for them.

For those who mean business, however, there is much hope. Much can be accomplished and much more prevented by observing the following suggestions: Drink three glasses of hot water, to which has been added half a lemon, half an hour before eating breakfast.

For breakfast indulge sparingly in baked apples, stewed prunes or similar fruit, omitting cereals, sugar and cream. Let dinner consist very largely of salads and vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes, turnips, cabbage, greens, spinach, celery, etc. Let supper consist largely of the same things, being careful to avoid cakes, sweets, mushes, bread, especially fresh bread, or soggy biscuits. Hard toasted graham wheat bread may be tolerated in small amounts.

For the best results it is highly essential that bulky rather than nourishing foods and laxative rather than constipating foods be eaten.

By all means live, work and sleep in the open air. Burn up all excess avoirdupois possible by breathing exercises, by walking and by exercising rather severely every day. Get up "a good sweat" every day. Avoid a sluggish, indolent, indifferent life and disposition. Be active mentally and physically. In other words, keep busy.

NAMES OF OUR CITIES.

Scant Use of the Greek Word "Polis" In Town Nomenclature.

"Gallipoli, in the Dardanelles, is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable," said a college tutor, "but Gallipolis, the county seat of Gallia county, O., has been pronounced by the people there for a hundred years or more 'Gallipolice.'

"Gallia county was settled by the French about 1788, who gave it the name the Romans gave to their country, and they mixed Rome and Greece for the name of their county seat, which thereupon became a good American name and has so remained to this day, which brings up the use of the Greek word "polis" in the construction of our town nomenclature.

"In a country whose people are so fond of calling their towns, no matter how small, 'cities' it would seem that 'polis' would be foremost in our urban compounds; but, strangely enough, it is not so. As far as I can discover it is used only in Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Annapolis, Copperopolis, Metropolis, Kanopolis, Cosmopolis, Demopolis, Gallipolis and Opolis.

"Indianapolis, Ind., has a namesake in Oklahoma; Minneapolis, Minn., has one in Kansas and one in North Carolina; Annapolis, Md., has one each in California, Illinois, Missouri and Ohio. California has a Copperopolis in addition to her Annapolis; Kansas has a Kanopolis and an Opolis in addition to her Minneapolis; Washington has Cosmopolis and Alabama Demopolis, while Nevada has a Metropolis, and Illinois has the same and an Annapolis. Finally Ohio has Gallipolis, and it alone of all puts the accent on the last syllable, 'Galli-police.' There is but one Gallipolis.

"In all there are seventeen places in this country showing the Greek 'polis' in their names."—New York Sun.

A Royal Tragedy.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers and, dabbling her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost is believed to appear whenever the death of a member of a royal family is to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

His Practice.

"Mary Jane, why do you allow that young fellow to remain so long when he calls?"

"You see, pa, he's a lawyer, and no matter how I try to make him go he always manages when he comes to court to secure a stay."—Baltimore American.

Saved by the Telephone.

The word "hello" has been saved to popular usage by the telephone, and by that alone. Thirty-five years ago there was a real crusade against the socalled slang phrase, and the great conversational invention came to the rescue just in time.

Ages of Race Horses.

The age of race horses is taken from the first day of January in the year in which they are born. Thus, a horse foaled in March would be counted as a foal until the following Jan. 1, just the same as an animal born in December.

Idleness is the sepulcher of a living man.—Anselm.

FOR A

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Bottle or Carafe Keeps Liquids Hot 24 Hours or Cold For 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, etc., or keeps milk warm for baby.

Icy-Hot Jars—keep stews, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts or ice cream cold without ice.

Absolutely Sanitary

Let us explain their merits more fully.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25 tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325. H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sales made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 9 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

Honest Praise.

An honest compliment was that paid to M. de Vendome, who, while commanding the French army in Italy, dispatched a young nobleman to announce to his master the victory which he had gained at Suzzara. The latter while attempting to describe the battle became several times much confused in his narrative, when, although the king preserved his gravity, the Duchess of Burgundy, who was present, laughed so heartily that at last the young gentleman said, "Sire, it is easier for M. de Vendome to win a battle than for me to describe it."

Road Edges.

Experts estimate that unused land lying at either side of the country roads is capable in many cases of bearing 500 bushels of corn to the mile strip. Thousands of miles of the best European roads are only a rod wide, but Uncle Sam's edge trimming is largely a matter of theory.—Exchange.

AN AETNA POLICY

Gives Complete Protection

WORKMENS COMPENSATION -- EMPLOYERS LIABILITY

If you are an employer you must be insured on and after December 31, 1915.

Injury to one of your employes may place upon you obligations continuing 15 years. The Aetna Co. is absolutely sound financially.

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Bellefonte - State College

Neal of the Navy

By

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandez and Inez present the false identification papers to Brother Anselmo at Santa Maria mission. Ponto is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

"BACKED BY THE U. S. N."

CHAPTER LII.

A Thorn in the Flesh.

It was late at night when Hernandez and his two companions, Senorita Inez Castro and the Brute, crept to the outskirts of the village of Santa Maria, and stealthily approached the ramshackle old hotel. For two days they had kept carefully out of sight.

They had left the dead Ponto to his fate. He had now become a cipher. He was food for the jackals and they left him to the jackals.

"Then," said Inez, "it shall be Ponto's share for mine."

Hernandez leered at her. "What does it matter," he returned; "what is mine is yours, fair Inez—Inez, mine own."

She crept to him, resting her shoulder against his breast.

"You mean that, Hernandez?" she queried, a jealous note tinging her tone. "There is no one—there never shall be one—save Inez?"

Hernandez leered again. "Time and time have I not told you so?" he answered. "We are one—as in the past—so in the prsent—so in the future."

Hernandez brushed her gently to one side and rose to his feet. "War first—love afterwards," he said. "Business now—and later, happiness. A whirl of happiness—of world-wide happiness. When I am king of a principality—and you are queen. Come, let us on."

Softly he crept to a secluded doorway of the hotel and knocked cautiously upon it. It was opened in due course. The frowzled head of a servant thrust itself forth.

"Ah," whispered Hernandez, "my good friend."

He slipped a goodly coin into the hand of his good friend—and the good friend became at once a better friend.

"The Americanos?" queried Hernandez. "Have they gone?"

"Gone," returned the servant; "today they went. Enter, senor."

Hernandez, alert but satisfied of temporary safety, beckoned to his two companions and the three crowded into the dingy little closet of the porter.

He turned back to the porter. "Tell us," he commanded, "the best route to San Pedro and Los Angeles. Our way lies north."

Many hours later at Los Angeles, a coterie of Americans sat around a broad table in an unused courtroom in the post office building in Los Angeles.

Spread upon the table were a number of documents—a trinket or two. Among them was a locket. Among them were a patched-together parchment map and a Spanish grant.

The admiral leaned toward the United States district attorney—the latter had come down from San Francisco to place the seal of his department's approval upon the matter now in hand.

"Are you satisfied?" queried the admiral.

"Absolutely," said the district attorney, "the paper title is at present unassailable, and as much to be recognized as though"—he bowed to Annette—"as though our fair daughter here were a sister republic. It remains for you, sir"—his glance bent upon the commander of the battleship Missouri—"to find out who may be in possession—and to oust them in favor of this paper title."

"I wonder whom we'll find?" mused Annette, her eyes glowing.

"Probably no one," returned the admiral.

He returned the documentary evidence and the trinkets to his portfolio. "These," he said to the district attorney, "I take with me."

"Exactly," said the other, "we have photographs of all of them. The investigation has been of interest—a curious situation."

The district attorney placed before Annette a bulky document.

"You will be compensated for this Lost Island," he said, "and the government stands ready now to make you a substantial advance of money upon the signing of this paper."

Annette signed—and sighed with relief.

"That's done," she exclaimed.

The admiral bowed. All rose. "You are rendering our country a great service, Miss Ilington," he said, "and your country will do its level best to protect you. Can we do more?"

Neal saluted. "I understand, sir," "he said that I am to command the expedition."

"Yes," interposed the commander, "we've arranged all that with the captain of a steamer. He agrees that what you say shall go—and you'll say it, I feel sure."

"I'll say anything and do anything," returned Neal, "for my country and my—and Miss Annette Ilington."

He said a good deal to her on the way back to her Los Angeles hotel—and kept on saying it.

"But," he added at parting, "careful now. Don't take risks. This man Hernandez is a wonder. I take my hat off to him. He never knows when he's beaten."

"He's beaten now," returned Annette, "particularly if he knows all that has transpired."

He left her—still gravely worried. He would have been more than worried had he known that within a quarter of a mile of Annette's hostelry, in a secluded cafe, sat Hernandez, with his two companions, the Brute and Inez Castro. He would have been more than worried had he known that with them was another individual—Joe Welcher, his own foster brother and Annette's. Welcher was there—depressed, fearful, nervous—but drinking heavily. And he was still the model, shrinking tool, the catspaw.

"And what," queried Hernandez, 'about the battleship Missouri?"

Joe produced an extra—its headlines devoted to the navy and the impending Allemanian war.

"The Missouri," he announced, referring to the paper, "steams away tomorrow."

"Where does she steam?"

"To San Francisco."

"Friend Welcher," went on Hernandez, "does this Neal—does he talk—do you get inside information?"

"There's none to get," said Joe, "if there was any, I'd get it."

Hernandez waved his hand. "When does the Missouri sail?" he queried.

"This afternoon," said Joe.

"When she sails," went on Hernandez, "we'll get this girl. We need her. We want her evidence—but we want her, too—until—until we have no further need of her. What we shall run into at Lost Isle no man knows. I want her with us there. Listen, Welcher. You must arrange it. Our paths must cross this afternoon."

Welcher fumed. "I do all the dirty work," he said; "I'm through."

Hernandez poured him another drink, and handed it to him with a glance that ate into Joe's soul.

The drink had just the wrong effect. Joe became angry—noisy—unmanageable.

"I'll be damned if I do your bidding any more," snarled Joe.

Hernandez darted a glance toward Inez. She returned it.

"Leave him with me," she said.

Hernandez did as he was bid. He left her alone with Joe. And in the next fifteen minutes Inez Castro made love to Joe as she never had before. She overwhelmed him with enchantment.

"Tonight," she whispered to him, "tonight, Americano. But breathe not a word to him—he will kill us both."

Half an hour later Annette swung out of the hotel grounds, mounted on a wiry little pony.

She spied Joe and drew in her steed. She noted that Joe was unduly excited.

"Joe," she exclaimed, "tell mother I'll be safe."

Under certain influences Joe's mind acted with unusual rapidity. Drink and the dark eyes of Inez Castro had set him well on edge. Without a moment's thought he stooped by the roadside and plucked a thorny burr. He straightened up again, with the thorny burr concealed within his hand. He did not answer Annette at first, but approached her and her steed.

"Good cow pony!" he exclaimed. He stroked the horse's nose, its neck, its flanks. And then he did another thing.

"Safe as they make 'em," he continued.

And then he did the trick. His right hand stole gently up across the horse's back, behind Annette—stole to the saddle.

Swiftly—and unnoticed—he pushed the thorny burr under the saddle, next to the pony's skin. Then he slouched away in the general direction of the bar.

CHAPTER LIII.

A Dangerous Connection.

There are few drivers of a high-power car who permit themselves restraint upon an open road. But the machine that crept along the avenue in this sparsely settled portion of suburban Los Angeles seemed almost crippled. Everything passed it—even horse-drawn vehicles.

And one horse in particular kept always on ahead. This horse was Annette Ilington's.

There were four people in this car—and three of them were waiting for the inevitable to happen. They crept on and on—always two hundred yards behind.

"Ah!" exclaimed Hernandez finally, "it eats in."

He was quite right. Suddenly the horse ahead swerved sharply to one side, violently shook its head and neck—leaped frantically into the air, and then, with a violent burst of speed, tore down the road like fire.

Hernandez increased his speed to twenty miles—to twenty-five—but the horse tore on before him. Annette was riding like the wind—but she had lost control.

Joe, in the car behind, leaped to his feet and tried to force his way from the car. "Let me out," he cried, struggling; "I got her into this, and I'll get her out."

Hernandez turned to the Brute. "Hold him," he commanded. And the Brute obeyed.

Inez Castro now was on her feet.

"Look—look—look," she cried, "the horse is mad—he'll kill her—look—ah—ah—"

It was all over. In one final burst of frenzy the horse had leaped high in the air, and come down on all fours, not on the solid road, but in the ditch. Annette was flung violently from her steed—and struck the ground with a thud. The horse, freed of his burden, sped on—up the road—sped on.

Hernandez stopped his car. Joe leaped out and ran to Annette.

"She's killed," he said.

Hernandez followed him. "If so, we cannot help it," he returned calmly.

"If she's killed, I did it, you blackguard," cried Joe, remorsefully.

Inez bent over the girl. "She's not dead," she said, "she's very much alive. She's only stunned."

Hernandez motioned to the Brute. "Carry her to the car," he commanded.

And the Brute again obeyed.

"Now, slowly," commanded Inez of Hernandez, "until I revive the girl."

They were in open country now—the community was but sparsely settled. Hernandez glanced warily from side to side.

"We must make haste," he mused, taking a grass-grown road to the right.

He stopped the car before a house. It was an ordinary dwelling. There was no sign of life about it. The grass in the dooryard was a foot high. Everything appeared unkempt. But in the parlor window was a sign: To let, furnished. Hernandez stepped into the dooryard and peered into the windows.

"We'll let it furnished—free—for a short time," he said.

He forced the door and entered.

"All the comforts of home," he said, smiling, "fetch in the girl."

Back in the city, Neal, off duty once again, sought Annette at her hotel.

"She's gone again—alone," said Mrs. Hardin, "she would go. She's so restless she couldn't sit still."

Neal smiled. He was not worried.

He got a saddle horse and started off in the direction taken by Annette.

He Seized a Chair and Whirled It About His Head.

Back in the deserted furnished house, Hernandez still looked about him.

"We can hide here till doomsday," he laughed, "running water, too. Look here. Everything but food—everything. Look—yonder on the mantel—even pen and ink. This place was meant for us." He bowed low. "Ah, my charming friend Senorita Ilington," he said to Annette who had recovered consciousness and was staring about her in astonishment, "you have had a long sleep—and pleasant dreams I hope."

He drew down the shades and switched on the light.

"See," he added, "you have slept till evening—pretty sluggard. And how is your good health. No bones broken. That is well."

Annette did not answer. Suddenly she leaped to her feet.

"Joe," she cried, "Joe Welcher—you here?"

"Yes," returned Hernandez, again bowing, "Joe is here—he has always been here—with us. Joe is our good friend. We owe him much—much."

He turned a sneering smile on Welcher. Annette uttered an exclamation.

"Joe—Joe," she cried, "is it—true?"

Joe turned away—his chest heaving, his eyes upon the floor. "Aw, I'm no good," he muttered.

"Never mind, Joe, fair one," said Hernandez, taking from his pocket a legal document already carefully prepared, "we have business at hand. This document—you should really know what it contains. It is in proper shape, I assure you. A bit soiled perhaps, from long disuse in my breast pocket—but well worded. Look—it is complete. It is even acknowledged before a United States consul in Central America—acknowledged by you, fair one."

"It is not," snapped Annette.

"Fair Inez here," went on Hernandez, "signed it Annette Ilington—the consul was quite satisfied that she was you. But—I have erased her signature — she lacks the cleverness called forgery. And your signature may be on record somewhere—who knows. Comparisons are odious. Let us therefore be complete. Take in hand a pen, my pretty. Sign your name, over this erasure—opposite this seal."

"I'll never sign," returned Annette.

"You will sign," said Hernandez evenly, "and you will hand over to us all the evidence you have upon your person. Sign."

"No," said Annette.

"Well and good," went on Hernandez in honeyed accents. "Beast—hold her firm. Disobey and the lash for yours." Hernandez took from his coat pocket a piece of cord. He tied the ends together.

Despite her struggles he fitted this noose-like cord over Annette's head and thrust into it a piece of wood. Then he began to twist.

"Tell me when you've had enough," he said.

Like a stone from a catapult Joe Welcher hurled himself across the room and was upon Hernandez in a flash. Under the assault Hernandez retreated violently to the wall, striking his head against the mantel.

"Are you crazy, you—worm?" cried Hernandez with a snarl.

"I've—turned," snarled Joe in return.

Without waiting for breath he flung himself once more at Hernandez.

"Help!" cried Hernandez. "Inez—tackle this mosquito."

Inez was a valuable ally. She attacked Joe from the rear, and her assault was effectual. Her onslaught was so severe that it caused Joe to retreat. He did retreat until he faced them both.

"Now," said Hernandez. And both descended upon him. Joe was ready for them. He seized a chair and whirled it about his head—frenzy lending him violence and strength.

"Come on!" he cried, "all three of you at once!"

With one wild final swing he brought the chair crashing down on Hernandez' head. No, not on Hernandez' head. It fell short of that, but crashed on something else—the chandelier above Hernandez' head.

There was a ripping, tearing, cracking sound—and then a crash. Down came the chandelier in a tangled heap upon the floor.

For one instant there was a cessation of hostilities. The shades were down—the lights extinguished—the room plunged into semi-darkness.

Annette watched in affright. Suddenly a strange, familiar odor assailed her nostrils.

"Stop—stop!" she cried.

But none heeded her. The Brute still held her fast. And Joe, in his new and ungovernable frenzy, was once more at it with the chair, clearing a space about him on the floor, driving Inez and Hernandez before him into one corner after another.

His chair whirling, touched a live wire—from which the insulation had been torn. The wire, recoiling from the blow, struck a piece of disjointed gas pipe still clinging to the ceiling.

Then—fizz—a spark—a multitude of sparks. A pause—a second's pause.

And then the whole room, with a mighty roar, burst itself out into the open air.

A horseman, speeding down the straight road, heard the boom. He saw the explosion. He spurred his horse. He reached the wayside lane.

Joe Welcher, his head cut and bleeding, was the first to revive. His remorseful frenzy still lent him strength and energy. He sprang to his feet—looked for Annette. He noticed nothing else—save that the room was wrecked.

He found Annette, picked her up and carried her without. She was stunned, but practically unhurt. But Joe didn't know all this. He had

"Up—Up," He Cried, Tugging at Her.

killed her—he must bring her to life again.

With her in his arms he started up the lane—whither he knew not.

Suddenly, in the distance, he saw Neal—on horseback. Welcher broke into a run toward his foster brother.

"She—she lives," said Joe thickly, "at any rate—you can tell her—tell mother—tell yourself—that I brought her back—to life. That pays up—pays up—for—"

He fell prone upon the ground.

Neal knelt by his side. "Gone," he said, taking off his hat, "gone, Annette."

"We'll forget everything," she answered sobbing, "except that he saved me—that he died a hero—a real hero—at the last!"

CHAPTER LIV.

A Piece of Steel.

Neal's first duty was toward Annette—his second toward Joe. He carried Joe tenderly to the side of the road and left him there, covered with green boughs. Then he lifted Annette upon his steed and set off for help. It took time to find a surgeon—time to get a car.

Meantime things happened at the furnished house—the house so swiftly and violently unfurnished by its interloping tenants.

Inside the room nothing but a mass of wreckage was to be seen. But slowly, painfully, impelled by some unseen force, this mass of wreckage slowly rose. Beneath it some giant writhed and wriggled.

Finally a head appeared—the Brute's head.

He looked about the room. Nothing was to be seen. He peered into the depths from which he had just emerged. Then suddenly he saw something.

Seeing—he worked away like mad. . . .

Inside of ten minutes, Inez, in a stupor, was staring at the Brute from one side of the room—Hernandez from the other.

Hernandez shook the lethargy from him. He crawled to Inez.

"Up—up," he cried, tugging at her, "we have no time to lose. Come on, you beast—come on."

Seizing them both, tearing at them frantically, like mad, he sped with them toward a cluster of trees on the other side of the road.

In the midst of this dense growth he had hidden his machine.

Panting with frenzy, his glance ever over his shoulder, he forced them into the car, sprang to the wheel, threw in the clutch, and was off.

It was three days later, on the high seas, that Hernandez—his other two companions well hidden in the hold—stole out of the companion way of a fruit steamer bound for the southern seas.

He glanced cautiously around a corner.

The first figure that met his sight was Neal Hardin—an ensign in the navy.

"What's he doing here?" demanded Hernandez of himself.

He watched warily. What he saw disturbed him.

Neal was giving orders to the captain of the ship.

Hernandez looked about him. Suddenly he darted forward, stooped, and picked up something from the floor.

"What is it?" queried Inez.

"A piece of steel," he said.

That night, well muffled, he stole toward the compass, and concealed his piece of steel where it would do the most good—or most harm, as you prefer. No one saw him—no one knew.

But on his return, turning a corner, he ran full tilt into Ensign Neal Hardin himself. Neal sprang upon the muffled figure and tore the enveloping cloak from Hernandez' grasp.

"You," cried Neal, leaping for Hernandez, "I've got you now."

They struggled like tigers, but Neal took no chances. This was no test bout. He wanted to make sure of his man. He called for help. Help came. A dozen men pounced upon Hernandez.

When he was safely chained Neal rose to his feet.

"We've got him," said Neal briefly. He gave an order. "Search the ship," he said.

The ship was searched, and within the next quarter of an hour Inez and the Brute, each in the clutch of many powerful men, came into view on deck.

"Lock the woman in a cabin," commanded Neal, "and keep guard upon her day and night."

All night he lay, chained heavily, solitary, in the lazarette, working out his own salvation—not eternal, but material. And he always came to one conclusion—"I'll beat them yet."

All night the pilot puzzled his head over his compass.

As dawn broke, in the crow's nest aloft, the lookout shaded his eyes with his hand—then with the same hand shaded his mouth.

"Land ho!" he cried, "land ho!"

Neal heard him and hurried to the pilot's side. "Can't be Lost Isle," he exclaimed.

"Must be," said the pilot, "we're headed straight for her—straight as the crow flies, sir. But I can't understand it, either—blest if I—"

The sentence was unfinished. With a terrific shock the vessel crashed into an unseen reef—an unknown reef, for they had ventured into uncharted seas.

Neal understood the danger. The shock was too terrific to be ignored. It meant a wreck—it would be a matter of minutes only before she filled.

"Man the boats," he cried, "order all on deck. Make haste."

He rushed in person to Annette's door and threw it open. In person he lifted Annette and her mother into the first boat. Inez also was included. It was lowered safely. Neal turned to his crew. "Get the lazarette prisoner," he commanded, "drag him into this boat here. Be about it now."

Hernandez, in a frenzy of fear, had been beating with his chains upon the barred door of the lazarette. They dragged him forth, his face working with fear and rage, and bundled him into the second boat—the Brute leaping in behind. Half way down the side something happened—the gear broke. The boat dropped—its one end still held to the tackle—and plunged its human burden into the sea beneath.

Hernandez, heavy with his irons, clung to the Brute. The Brute was still a paragon of strength. With both Hernandez' hands upon his brawny shoulders—with the dragging weight of Hernandez' irons upon him, he swam, with even, steady strokes, toward the shore—swam for an hour, tirelessly, like some huge dog.

Suddenly his feet touched sand. . . .

Neal and Annette stood upon a strip of beach, staring all about them. "This," said Annette, "must be Lost Isle—and the admiral was right—it is deserted. Unless we find a Robinson Crusoe here—possibly—my father."

Neal shook his head. "I'm not sure it's Lost Isle," he commented, "and I'm not sure it's deserted. See that turn in the short line—let's round the corner and have a better look."

Around the corner, some three-quarters of a mile away, a group of naked natives clustered greedily about a fire. Above the fire something—horribly gruesome—turned and turned upon a slowly-revolving spit. Scattered about upon the ground, were human skulls. . . .

One of the natives held up his arms, uttering guttural sounds and pointed off the shore. The whole crowd broke into a run—reached the shore and waited.

Two men staggered from the water toward the beach.

The group of natives set up a yell of triumph . . . here, then, were two more human skulls—two more gruesome forms to be turned upon a spit over a hot fire. Yes. Mariners were quite right. These were indeed, uncharted seas—Hernandez and the Brute were pioneers.

The Brute looked straight ahead. He placed his arm about his master's quivering shoulders and stepped up out of the sea, straight into that diabolical group of twentieth-century anthropophagi. The Brute knew no fear. The black brutes reached forth clutching hands and touched him—seized Hernandez. The Brute stretched forth a hand, seized a savage by the neck, and whirled him round and round about his head, striking the black men right and left. . . .

Then he tossed his captive into the sea, leaving him to struggle out as best he might.

There was a wild cry among the natives—then suddenly, they prostrated themselves before the Brute.

"He has a white face—white beard," they told each other, "down, down on your faces. He is a god—our god."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Apparition

A Story of the Great European War

By F. A. MITCHEL

During one of the incursions of the Russian armies into German territory a general, passing the estate of a noble said to one of his aids:

"Captain Ivanovich, I wish you to remain here till you get further orders from me. Take half a dozen couriers from my escort, and whenever you see or hear of any movement of the enemy send me word immediately."

Captain Ivan Ivanovich left the staff, directed the commander of the escort to detail six men to attend him and, followed by them, rode into the grounds of the house, which was set upon an eminence and commanded a view of the surrounding country. Dismounting at the main entrance, he went up on to the porch and rapped loudly on the door with the hilt of his sword. An old man appeared, who seemed to be a major domo, and the captain said to him:

"I desire quarters here for awhile for myself and my men."

The old man invited him in, telling him that the family, on the appearance of foreign troops, had left the premises in his care and gone elsewhere.

The captain chose a room for himself on the second floor and quartered his men in the basement, for Ivan Ivanovich, being a noble himself and a refined man, felt disposed to treat the place as he would wish his father's estate far back in Russia to be treated if the fortunes of war should bring about its occupation by the enemy. Having thus taken possession of his quarters, he asked the major domo, Peter, if there was anything to eat in the house. Peter said that there was, but no one except himself to cook it. But, since he had been a chef, he could get up a meal of such provisions as were in the house. The captain directed him to prepare breakfast for him and give the men such supplies as they needed.

Having refreshed himself, Captain Ivanovich went out on the porch, which extended entirely around the house, and made the circuit, now and again raising a pair of binoculars to examine rising smoke here, a flag there, a strong position on the crest of the hill—anything, in short, that might be of military importance. There was no flag in sight except the Russian imperial standard, and the captain, lowering his glasses, went back into the house. Being free to use the library, he took down a book and, being a student as well as a soldier, was soon lost in its contents.

The next morning it occurred to him that a cupola that topped the house would afford him a better view of the surroundings, and he started to go up there for the purpose. Finding the door leading from the second floor to the third locked, he called to Peter for the key.

"I haven't the key, excellency," said Peter. "When the family left the premises they placed articles valuable only to themselves, such as papers and heirlooms, on the floor above, locked the door and took the key with them."

Ivanovich could have forced the door; but, as has been said, he was a refined man, unfitted for the barbarous side of war, so he concluded to be content with the view he could get from the porch. Quite likely he was also influenced by the earnest look on Peter's face, which indicated anxiety that he should not intrude on the floor where the family heirlooms and archives had been stored.

One night while Ivanovich was lying awake he heard a sound without his room, in a large open space, through which ran a massive stairway. Soldiers in an enemy's country are naturally on the lookout for danger, and, taking his pistol from under his pillow, he got out of bed and walked noiselessly on his bare feet to the door, which was ajar, and peeped out. A surprising sight met his view.

Bright moonlight was streaming in through a large window at the head of the staircase and dimly illuminated what at first the captain conceived to be an angel. It was a female figure robed in white. It was standing as if to listen. The face was sufficiently lighted to indicate that it was that of a young girl. On second thought Ivanovich believed that the figure was one of flesh and blood wearing a nightgown and walking in sleep.

The figure presently started on, descended the staircase and disappeared in the darkness. Ivanovich, too honorable to follow, remained where he was, thinking that probably the girl would return. His anticipation was realized. She reappeared holding something in her hand, though the watcher could not see what it was. Ascending to the door opening on the third story, she passed in and closed it behind her. Ivanovich listened and heard a faint sound, like the grating of a bolt moving in a lock.

There was no doubt in the captain's mind that this girl was ensconced on the floor above and that Peter knew of her presence there. Who she was, whether any one else was with her, he knew not. He resolved to keep his own counsel, at least for awhile. It was evident that a woman was hiding on the floor above, and he did not conceive it to be his duty to disturb her. Indeed, he had already been sickened by the horrors of war and ready to shield any of its victims even among his country's foes.

But Captain Ivanovich thereafter kept his eyes and ears open. He walked around the house, looking up at the windows. The blinds were all closed, and there was not a sign of life to be seen. "After all," he said to himself, "I wonder if I could have dreamed it."

However, Ivanovich repudiated this idea. He had seen a figure robed in white descend the staircase, return and disappear through the door leading to the floor above. Of this he was certain, and the absence of any appearance of life there did not convince him that he was in error.

Soon after the appearance of the mysterious figure the captain's attention was diverted from its consideration by the appearance of a large force of the enemy to the southeast. He dispatched a courier to find the general, if possible, and later, hearing heavy firing and seeing columns of smoke in the same direction, he dispatched another courier with another message.

These matters having been attended to, the young captain's mind again reverted to the mystery of the upper story. He said nothing to his men about the matter, fearing that if he did he would excite a desire on their part to investigate, whereas if there were any investigating to be done he preferred to do it himself. One day one of the troopers came to him and told him that he had better leave his quarters, for the man was sure the house was haunted. He had seen in the middle of the night a figure clad in white standing at an upper window. The superstitious Russian, having considered the third story vacant, naturally regarded the figure at the window as a wraith. Ivanovich told him that the figure he had seen must have been an illusion, but failed to convince him.

There was a hillside back of the house, covered by trees. Ivanovich went out there with his binoculars and remained a long while, watching what was going on. The distance was too great for him to gain much knowledge of any value, but he kept his watch till satisfied that it was useless, then turned and was emerging from the wood, when, casting an eye at a window on the third story of the house, he saw standing there a young girl looking at what he had been observing.

This time the sun was shining full in her face, and the captain saw not only that she was comely, but there was on her features that anxiety which is so touching in the young. Realizing that if she saw she was discovered it would add to her distress, he remained in concealment till she withdrew, closing the window.

That face, once seen by moonlight and again by sunlight, produced a vivid impression on Ivan Ivanovich. It floated before him during the day, and at night he saw the wraithlike figure descending the staircase. It was evident that a girl was hiding, and it was possible that there was some other cause for suffering than fear of an enemy. The location was German Poland, and Peter had told him that the residents of the house were Poles. But in wartime one is as likely to be plundered by friends as enemies.

One night Ivanovich heard quick footsteps overhead. Getting out of bed and putting on some of his clothing, he went out and listened at the door leading to the third story. He heard signs of something happening above. Then the door was unlocked and a woman—this time dressed in ordinary apparel—came out and met him face to face. She turned to go back, but Ivanovich said:

"You have nothing to fear from me. Tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

Having been thus given confidence, the girl revealed the mystery. When the Russians appeared in the region her mother, herself and her brother, aged seventeen, a wounded conscript in the German army, expecting to be murdered, retreated to the third story, leaving Peter to deceive, if possible, whoever might come. They had taken provisions with them and would have got on had it not been for the wounded boy, who was deprived of medical care.

The night she had appeared on the staircase she was going below for a bottle of medicine which a surgeon had left for the use of the invalid. On this her second appearance her brother was much worse, and she was trying to steal out with a view to getting medical advice as to what to do for him. She closed her explanation with pleading that Ivanovich should not make her brother a prisoner, for if deprived of her and her mother's tender care he would surely die.

The captain, having assured her that, though an enemy, he had a heart, went below and ordered one of his men to find a surgeon and bring him there at once. Then he went upstairs and found the mother and the wounded boy, whose fears he allayed. They were comfortable so far as their quarters were concerned, and he ordered Peter to bring them properly prepared food. A surgeon arrived in due time and treated the wounded boy, who began at once to improve.

A week passed after the unveiling of the mystery before Captain Ivanovich and his men were withdrawn from their quarters. During this week the young officer by his consideration for his captors secured the good will of the mother and the son and a more tender response from the girl. When he left her there was an interview between them, the result of which was known only to themselves, though there can be but little doubt that they referred to what might be when the war should be over and peace should return to take the place of one of those periodic returns to barbarism to which the world has thus far been subject.

JACK AND THE ENEMY

The Victory Was With Jack

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jack Trainor, though a small man, was more anxious to be considered an athlete than anything else. In his high school days he was captain of the baseball nine and snapperback of the football team. That isn't saying much when you consider a man professionally, but it is enough to excite his pride and cause him to spend a lot of time swinging Indian clubs and in other exercises to develop muscle.

Jack did not go to college, which saved him a great disappointment, for his size and muscle would not have gained him admission to any of the university teams, and that would have broken his heart. Instead of that he went into business. This did not keep him from punching a bag he kept in his room, and he took boxing lessons. In the course of events he did what most young men do—he fell in love.

Jack was chief clerk in Amos Hilton's office. Amos Hilton was the "enemy" because he was a millionaire and also because he was the father of the girl Jack loved.

In his waking dreams Jack saw himself manfully approaching Amos Hilton, throwing out his chest and asking for the hand of fair Cicely Hilton.

The sharp "tang" of Mr. Hilton's bell usually awoke Jack to the cold reality that the enemy was waiting for some important papers.

As for Cicely Hilton herself, she had met Jack Trainor at his aunt's house and she was ready to throw up everything and even fly in the face of her parents' objections and marry the man of her choice.

Jack knew this and only adored Cicely the more for her loyal love. Still, he wanted to make a home for her that would be something like her father's palace.

And a man cannot accomplish much in building palaces on $3,000 a year.

Lord! How pitifully small the amount was! Why, Cicely probably had that much for pin money.

He groaned in spirit.

Just then "tang" went the enemy's bell.

"Yes, sir," said Jack, appearing at the door of the inner shrine.

"Come in and close the door, Trainor."

Amos Hilton tipped back in his revolving chair and surveyed Jack through narrowed eyes and a blue haze of tobacco smoke.

"I want you to undertake a personal matter for me," went on the millionaire. "Look down at the opposite sidewalk. Do you see a dark, sinister looking chap leaning against a lamppost gazing up at my windows?"

Jack looked.

The man on the sidewalk was a hulking figure. He was foppishly dressed and quite foreign looking. His head was tilted back as he gazed at the fourth story windows.

"I see him," said Jack.

"He is Count Ignace Mercuto. He wants to marry my daughter." Mr. Hilton gazed thoughtfully into space, while Jack's heart raced between his throat and its accustomed anchorage. At least, it felt that way.

At a moment when his heart had left his throat for its other terminal Jack managed to speak.

"Sir?" he asked, and he surprised himself by the deep growl of his voice.

"Sir?"

"Yep, he wants to marry my girl, Cicely. But I say 'No!' He pesters me with his pleading, and he threatens to commit suicide on the steps of my home if I won't consent." He blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Yes, sir," interpolated Jack.

"I want you to take him away and get rid of him. Kill him if necessary." Mr. Hilton yawned and shot a look at his astounded clerk.

"Afraid?" he sneered, measuring Jack's stocky form with a cold eye.

Jack's hands clinched.

"Hardly, sir," he said with a grim look about his mouth. "Shall I go out and do it now or wait until he comes up here?"

Mr. Hilton appeared to ponder the question.

"Better wait until he comes up here. Then you can throw him downstairs. But perhaps you'd rather not do the job, Trainor. I suppose I might get Finnegan, the porter. He's quite a husky, and the count is sizable."

Jack threw out his chest.

"I'll do it, Mr. Hilton," he promised.

"Good. It's a sort of personal job you understand. His attentions are annoying Cicely."

"He won't bother her again," said Jack soberly as he went out.

When Amos Hilton was alone he went to the window and raised the shade.

Then he returned to his seat and shook with silent laughter.

Perhaps he had penetrated Jack's secret love for Cicely and was matching his size and weight against this giant of a count, Cicely's other lover. Who knows?

Who knows the mind of a man like Amos Hilton anyway?

Jack Trainor had barely regained his own desk when the office boy brought him a card emblazoned with a coat of arms. "Wants to see the boss."

"Hum!" said Jack, jerking off his stool. "I'll see him first, James."

In the reception room Jack confronted the huge form of Count Ignace Mercuto.

"Looks like the villain in a movie show," was Jack's mental comment.

The count twirled his waxed mustache, clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly.

Jack salaamed in return.

"Ha!" said the count. "I vish to see ze Mr. Hilton."

"Mr. Hilton begs to be excused," grinned Jack.

"Carramba!" hissed the unfortunate wooer. "I am insult. I vill have satisfaction."

"Get it if you can," said Jack indifferently. "Meantime do you mind going home? I'm busy."

"Busy, busy! You Americans always busy, waiting for money like ze pigs! Ha!" The count uttered a blood chilling laugh.

"Beat it!" said Jack tersely.

"And if I do not 'beat it?'" mocked the count.

"I shall have to throw you downstairs," remarked Jack, though he felt a qualm of doubt whether he could really do it.

The count was twice his size, with the shoulders of a pugilist.

"Come on, then!" exulted Count Ignace, striding into the hall. "Come on, little kitten! I break your bones. Ha!"

Jack reddened about his ears. He leaped at Mercuto's shoulders and pushed him along the polished floor to the stairway.

There, however, Mercuto gave the office man the fight of his life.

But there came a moment when Jack could put his boot quickly forward and impel Count Ignace in an ignominious scramble down the stairs to the first landing.

Then Jack, feeling battered and weary, went back to the office.

Amos Hilton was standing in the doorway. He had witnessed the unequal fight.

"Good boy!" he nodded approvingly. "You better take the rest of the day off."

"Thank you, but I've got a lot of work to do," said Jack as he vanished into the lavatory to remove the traces of the fray.

When he returned to his desk his fellow clerks looked curiously at him.

His face was decorated by a blackened eye and a cut and swollen lip.

If he suffered any pain it was numbed by the happy thought that he had done Cicely a service.

As a natural reward of heroism Jack was invited to dine at the Hiltons' ten days after the above incident. And Mrs. Hilton was so charming to him that Jack felt that he could almost fall in love with her. Before he went home that night Mr. Hilton called Jack into his library.

"Trainor," he said seriously, "what would you say if I told you that Hilton & Co. are facing ruin?"

Jack looked bewildered. "Why, I'd say it was incredible!" he exclaimed. "I know the ins and outs of the business, and"—

"Do you know them better than I do?" demanded Hilton.

"I should know them as well. Am I not your confidential clerk?" Jack argued.

"You are. Still, what have you to say when I tell you that Hilton & Co. close their doors tomorrow and that I am penniless?"

Jack drew a long breath.

"I'm sorry for you, sir, but I'm mighty glad for myself," he said. "You see, I love Cicely, and I couldn't ask her to leave this luxurious home for the humbler one I could provide. But now we are equals. I can ask your consent, sir?"

Amos Hilton wrung Jack's hand.

"You are very much of a man, Jack," he said heartily. "Remember, a home's a home, and I'm sure that Cicely will be happy with you anywhere. You better go and tell her now!"

When Jack had vanished Mr. Hilton indulged in another one of his long fits of silent laughter.

The next morning when Jack came to the office he seemed to walk on air. All his dreams had come true. He was to marry Cicely in the autumn. He had discovered that his enemy, as he had called Amos Hilton, was in private life a mild mannered, affectionate man.

Jack's encounter with Count Ignace Mercuto had given him fresh confidence in himself. He could never confess to any one—not even Cicely—the fear that weakened his knees when he confronted the huge foreigner.

Jack had barely reached the office when the bell over his desk sounded "tang."

Amos Hilton was dismissing a visitor through the corridor door of his private office.

Jack was sure he recognized the sinister face of Count Ignace.

But Hilton closed the door and smiled cheerfully at his prospective son-in-law.

"How goes it, Jack?" he asked, clapping a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Happily, sir," said Jack, grinning. "But how about the bad business you spoke about last night?"

"Just a joke, Jack, to test your courage. I wondered whether you loved my girl for herself or the money. I found out, God bless you!"

But when Amos Hilton was alone he unfolded a receipted bill and reread it with twinkling eyes:

Amos Hilton, Dr.,
To William Pugsley:

For impersonating—one count	$100
For allowing a clerk to lick me	100
	$200

Paid. W. PUGSLEY.

Amos Hilton made an entry in a little Russian leather expense book, and he shook silently while he wrote:

Paid Pugsley, ex-pugilist, $200.
Charge to—testing son-in-law.

DANGER IN GASOLINE.

This Substance Is Seven Times More Powerful Than Dynamite.

Do you know that gasoline gas is seven times more powerful than dynamate? asks the National Cash Register News in an article on the use of gasoline with safety in the home. Gasoline is a thin, water white liquid which evaporates rapidly and throws off vast quantities of vapor very inflammable and explosive when mixed with air.

Substances like cotton, linen, silk, especially when unwashed and undyed, become more or less electrified when rubbed or moved quickly in a bath of gasoline, the gasoline becoming negatively charged. Gasoline being a bad conductor, the generated electricity accumulates and reaches such tension that sparks are possible, igniting the gasoline and causing fire and explosion. Weather conditions affect the results decidedly, the dry air of winter being more dangerous than moist summer air. Gasoline explosions in garages are often brought about by static electricity, a fact definitely proved.

In case of fire tight cans are liable to explode, throwing the burning gasoline all over the premises, thereby augmenting the fire. For this reason gasoline should be stored outside the house, preferably in safety type cans (cans with fine wire gauze in neck and spout).

Gasoline used for cleaning should be used outdoors, at least fifty feet from any fire, light or burning substance, never in an inclosed room. The heavy vapors travel long distances and are highly explosive. Never clean gloves on the hands. The rubbing or agitating of clothing in gasoline should be accomplished by means of a dry stick.

Gasoline stoves should never be filled with a light or fire within fifty feet of the stove.

Save Your Money

and put it in bank. Everyone should have close relations with a well managed institution. You will make no mistake in making us your bankers.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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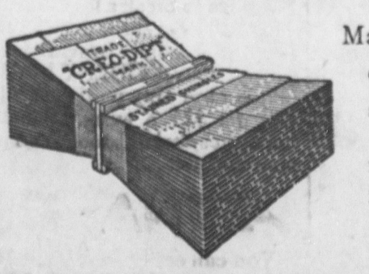

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CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with

RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Mrs. H. W. Tate was an arrival home last Friday from Philadelphia.

Joseph L. Montgomery was a business visitor to Pittsburgh on Monday.

Charles Mensch and Dr. S. M. Nissley were visitors to Altoona last Friday.

Jack Lane was a business visitor in Lock Haven on Monday and Tuesday.

George R. Clark, of near Stormstown, was a business visitor in town a few days ago.

Carl Wallace, of Renovo, spent several days the past week with home friends in town.

John Connigan, of Birmingham, visited over Sunday with his mother at Axe Mann.

Mrs. Ott, who has been quite ill at her home on Bishop Street, is much improved.

Miss O'Connell, milliner for Miss Snyder, departed yesterday for her home in Bangor, Maine.

Mrs. Wilson and daughter Marion, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mrs. Kane, on Howard Street.

Miss Clara Swartz, of Franklinville, N. Y., spent the week-end here as the house guest of Mrs Sim Baum.

Miss Lillian Smith departed last Saturday for Punxsutawney to visit for a short time with the George Grimm family.

Mrs. Cyrus Labe and Mrs. Jack Decker departed on Monday for Pittsburgh to visit with friends for a week or more.

Mrs. Satterfield was an arrival home last week after a very enjoyable visit of two months in the western end of the State.

Miss Esther Tuten, of Dover, New Hampshire, who visited here for a time with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gates, departed for home yesterday.

The Bellefonte Academy students held a reception last Saturday evening. Their school will close at noon tomorrow for the Christmas vacation.

The fire alarm sounded an early morning call last Sunday. The blaze was at the Cyrus Gordon home on Curtin Street. But slight damage resulted.

Thomas Bennett spent Saturday in Williamsport where he attended the conference of "The Mountain District Arts Association of Pennsylvania."

Mrs. E. H. B. Callaway will return to Bellefonte on Saturday after a two months visit with friends in Pittsburgh, Columbus and Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. Hattie T. Kurtz departed yesterday for Lewistown where she will visit today and then proceed to New York and sail from that point to Florida.

Landlord Henry Kline of the Haag Hotel, was laid up with a severe cold several days last week, but is about again and feeling as well as could be expected.

Mrs. George VanDyke and daughter Mary were arrivals here on Monday, Mrs. VanDyke having been summoned by the illness of her mother, Mrs. John Noll.

Mrs. T. R. Hamilton was an arrival home on Tuesday from New York where she had been visiting with her sons, Clarence and Thomas, for the last six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallis were arrivals here from Crafton during the past week. Mrs. Wallis has since undergone an operation at the Bellefonte hospital.

James Clark, one of the staff at the offices of the Central Railroad Co. of Penna., sprained his ankle while out hunting last week and has been delayed in his returning to work.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Munson, who had been visiting here for a short time with Mr. Munson's mother, Mrs. L. T. Munson, departed on Monday for their home in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The condition of Edward Nolan, who is ill at the Bellefonte hospital from typhoid fever, shows as much improvement as could be expected until the fever has run its course. There is every reason to hope for his recovery.

F. W. Crider recently received his new Hupp-Yates electric car but has not been able to operate it thus far. The charging apparatus for his old electric car was adapted to the direct current system. A new charging apparatus for the alternating current system was received with the car but as yet has not been installed.

The wedding of Miss Lulu B. Saxion and Mr. Benner P. Shuey, brief mention of which made made last week, was a very pretty event and was solemnized at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum officiating. The bridal couple were attended by the bride's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Saxion. After the pretty ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the bride where an informal reception was tendered and a sumptous wedding supper was served. Later the serenaders turned out and made things lively. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Saxion. She is an attractive, popular young lady and has a host of admiring friends. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. Shuey. He is an industrious, energetic young man and is favorably known to a large circle of friends. The congratulations and best wishes of many friends are extended the newly married couple and the hope expressed that they may have a prosperous and happy life.

Paul Wetzel spent Sunday, last, with friends in Tyrone.

Mrs. H. L. Garber is in Altoona for a few days this week.

Mrs. McGarvey spent the week-end with friends in Snow Shoe.

Harvey Tressler departed on Tuesday for Sunbury on a business trip.

Miss Sarah Fitzgerald departed on Monday to visit with friends in Williamsport.

Mrs. George Elliott returned home last Thursday from Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Pierson departed last night for Philadelphia for a visit of a few days.

Rev. C. W. Winey, of Altoona, spent several days with old friends in town this week.

Joseph Kane has been confined to his bed for several days past with a severe attack of grip.

Miss Della Cross spent the week-end in Philipsburg as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Robinson

Mrs. Edmund Blanchard departed last Friday for her parental home in Ridley Park, near Philadelphia.

Miss Caroline McCloskey, of Potters Mills, is visiting in town as the guest of Miss Fannie Hutchinson.

The Presbyterian church will hold Christmas services on Sunday evening in the form of a Christmas cantatta.

Mrs. William Doll was an arrival home on Saturday from Williamsport where she had been visiting for three weeks.

Mrs. Thomas Beaver and little son were arrivals home last Saturday, after a visit of several weeks with Mrs. Beaver's parents in Crafton.

William Barlet, of Coleville, one of the reliable men on the Bellefonte Central Railroad, departed last Sunday for Buffalo, N. Y., to visit for a few days.

Guy Kline, son of Robert Kline of Bishop Street, went to Tyrone last Thursday. He is employed as a locomotive fireman by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.

Mrs. John Noll last Sunday suffered a stroke of paralysis and while her condition has since improved it is such as to occasion no little concern among the family and friends. She had been enjoying fairly good health until taken suddenly ill.

The Charity Committee ask the assistance of the people of Bellefonte in providing a merry Christmas for children who otherwise will have little or nothing to brighten the day for them. Donations of toys, clothing, candies, etc., will be gratefully received. Articles may be sent to the W. C. T. U. room in Petriken Hall or to Dr. Edith Schad, Miss Lucy Potter or Mrs. Brouse.

"Blind Charley" Koontz suffered a stroke of apoplexy last Sunday night and has since been in a critical condition. For some time past he has conducted a small cigar store adjoining the Lyric Theatre. News of his illness has occasioned sincere regret among many friends who admired his courage in endeavoring to get along in the world despite the fact that he had lost the sight of both eyes.

A business change which marks the retirement of one of the oldest and best known firms in Bellefonte was negotiated recently when the store of Mrs. J. A. Aiken was purchased by Mrs. Loeb and the latter's sisters, the Misses Newman, all three of whom formerly resided here but who for some years have been living in Altoona. The new owners will take possession of the store on January 1st. The name of Aiken has been a landmark in Bellefonte's business world and is a familiar one to Centre Countians young and old. Mrs. Loeb and the Misses Newman have many home friends here who will welcome them back to Bellefonte and in so doing feel quite sure that they will maintain the high standard of the Aiken store.

George Williams Dead.

George Williams, a highly respected and widely known resident of near Lemont, died quite suddenly last Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock from heart trouble. During the afternoon he had made a call on one of his daughters, Mrs. Klinger, and on his way home intended going for his mail. He was opening the door at the postoffice when he fell to the floor and quickly expired. Deceased was a son of James and Mary Rumberger Williams, early settlers of Lemont, where he was born at the old homestead April 14th, 1840. All of his life was spent there. He was engaged as a plasterer and he also farmed on a small scale. On March 24th, 1863, he married Margaret Garner, and to their union these children were born: Mrs. Mary Houser, of Oak Hall; Mrs. Jane Klinger and James Williams, of Lemont, and Mrs. Emma Kerns, at home. Surviving also is a brother, John, of Lemont. Burial was made Monday morning at the Houserville cemetery, Rev. Mr. Foss officiating.

Edward H. Williams Dead.

Edward H. Williams died at his late home in Boalsburg last Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. He had been suffering from pleurisy from the previous Monday but had recovered apparently and on Saturday morning was able to sit up. He suffered a sinking spell and passed away quickly, death being due to neuralgia of the heart.

The deceased was a successful school teacher and was engaged teaching the Boalsburg grammar school at the time he was taken ill. He was a son of Washington Williams, deceased, and was born in Boalsburg 39 years ago. About 17 years ago he married Maude Condo, who with two small boys survive to mourn his passing away. Surviving also are a brother, Professor John A. Williams, of Port Matilda and a sister Mrs. H. C. Rothrock, of Boalsburg, wife of Professor Rothrock, also two other sisters, Mrs. W. H. Brouse, of Boalsburg, and Mrs. Lee Segner residing in the West. Mr. Williams was an active, zealous member of the Lutheran church and also a member of Malta, I. O. O. F. and Maccabee lodges. He was a carpenter by trade. Burial was made Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock in the Boalsburg cemetery, Rev. Mr. Courtney officiating.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

Consider, if You Please, the Words Victual and Tongue.

Were you ever perplexed by English spelling? But what a foolish question! The rest of the world is agreed that the man who insists he is never at a loss for the correct spelling of a word is a prevaricator of the nth degree. But how did our speech happen to be thus encumbered? The French use countless silent letters, but there is such system about their literation that it can be mastered by the average mind. German is absolutely phonetic, as are most of the Romance tongues. Greek was pronounced as it was spelled, and Latin is simplicity itself for all that the classical scholars disagree as to the sounds of the vowels and a few of the consonants.

Mme. Bernhardt when she was urged to present her plays in the speech of the American people declared, "English is not a language; it is violent exercise and its spelling is impossible." Many a schoolboy and girl will agree with her. What justification is there for such a word as "victual," which must be pronounced just as it was in the days when it was spelled v-i-t-t-l-e? And, while we are on the subject of our native tongue, how shall we justify t-o-n-g-u-e, a spelling that is monstrous in the light of the language's development? Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century that word was t-u-n-g, with here and there a pedantic faddist who put on airs when he wrote t-o-n-g-u-e. Our accepted spelling is an imitation of the French "langue" just as victual is an imitation of the Latin "victualia," handed down by half baked scholars.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Recommendation Not Necessary.

"So you're going to leave us, Mary?"

"Yes, mum. I've got to."

"And do you want me to give you a letter of recommendation?"

"It ain't necessary, mum. The man I'm going to work for is willing to take chances. I'm leavin' to get married."—Detroit Free Press.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thanks, Postman—the Regular ÆTNA Check

CAN'T beat that service. Almost pays to break a leg, doesn't it? This $200 covers the $50 a week for total disability provided for in my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY. When I am only partly disabled I will get $25 a week. Surgeon's fee or hospital bill, too. You postmen ought to

ÆTNA-IZE

You can easily afford it. In fact, you cannot afford not to. Out on the streets all day long, you're constantly exposed to a thousand forms of accident. Make life pretty comfy if something happened to you and one of the boys brought you a check as regularly as you bring mine to me.

A word, and the ÆTNA Agent will tell you how to connect up with absolute protection. My Agent is

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Jasper R. McDonald, Ella Mae Merritt,	Martha Furnace Julian
Wilbur S Runkle, Mae E. Weaver,	Tusseyville "
Almon S. McCool, Julia A. Shope,	Bellefonte Howard

Death of Child.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glossner, of Eagleville, are mourning the death of their two years old child, which passed away on Sunday, last. Mr. Glossner was engaged as a cook at a hunting camp at headwaters of Hyner Run when word was carried to him of his child's death.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

The Index Book Store
The Christmas Store

A good Book Store shows a larger variety of suitable Gift Goods than any other store. Articles found in such a store are usually convenient, appropriate and inexpensive.

Books	Box Papers
Bibles	Music Folds
Calendars	Fountain Pens
Booklets	Mirrors
Cards	Pencil Sets
Leather Goods	Memory Books
Desk Sets	Pennants
Toilet Sets	Tops

Felt Cushions

All are Suitable Gifts and are found in our store.

Big Reduction in Guns

Owing to the gunning season coming to a close we are offering the following guns at a big reduction in price.

One 32 Remington
One 38-40 Remington
One 30-30 Savage
One 38-40 Winchester
One 44-40 Winchester
One 30-30 Winchester
One 32 Special Winchester

The one gun store where you get real gun information.

MILLER'S

Allegheny Street BELLEFONTE, PA.

Christmas Gifts for Men

THIS IS A MAN'S STORE

This is a store where we think twelve months in the year about the things men want to wear.

So when you think of buying something for a man, come right here, tell us the kind of man you want to buy it for and the amount of money you can afford to spend.

We will be just as pleased to show you a Suit at $25 as we will a pair of Garters at 25 cents.

All that is in between in price is here, too:---holiday neckwear, holiday suspenders, holiday gloves, holiday shirts, bath robes, house jackets, evening gloves, evening clothes, evening hosiery, handkerchiefs and jewelry for men.

Store Open Evenings

Montgomery & Co.